

WAR CRY



EASTER

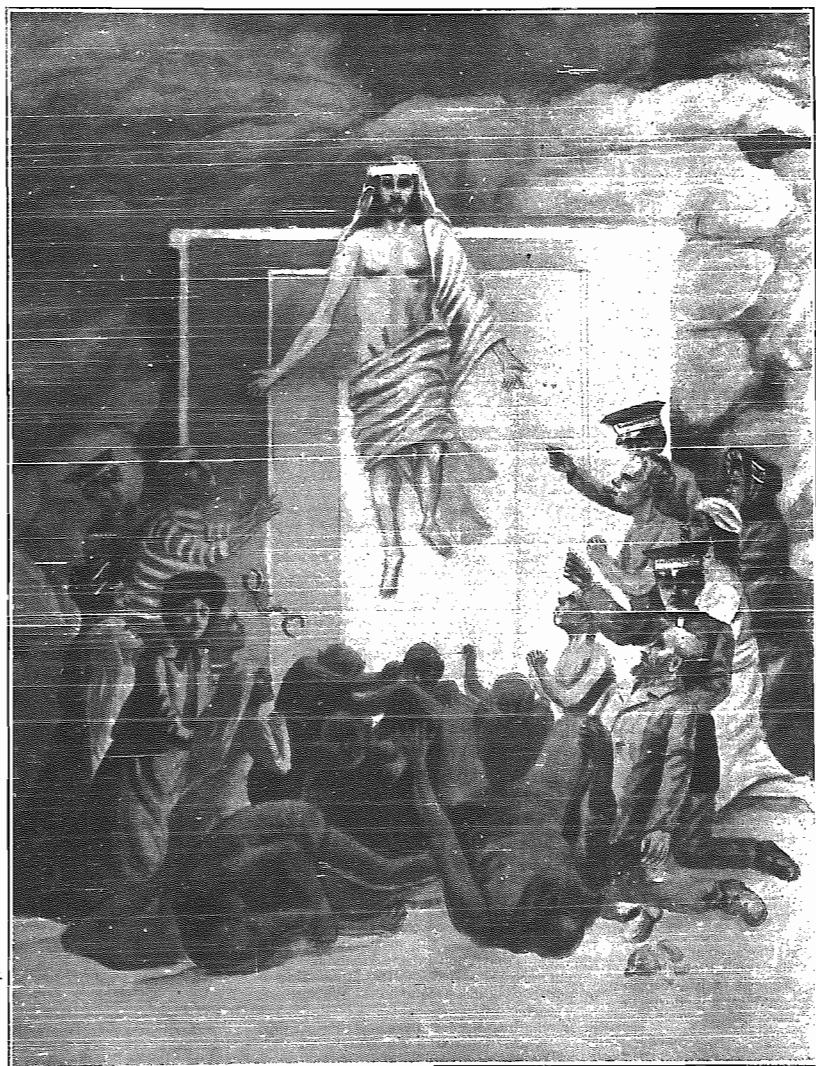
NUMBER



E.C. CANN

17TH YEAR No 27.

TORONTO, APR. 6, 1901



*Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;*

*Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead."*

ECCE HOMO

By Evangeline BOOTH



THROUGHOUT the history of the ages perhaps no question has confronted the world which has evoked more curious questioning than this request, "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" For our lacking hearts and finite minds to unravel the mystery enveloping this touching appeal, we must first look at the circumstances which called it forth. I therefore propose dividing this article into two sections—

One, The Hour, dealing with what constituted its bitterness, and what hung upon its triumph.

Two, the Request itself, pointing out its nature, and the opportunity it offered.

I.—THE HOUR.

It was the One Hour of all His Life.

It was the hour to which He Himself had given so much thought; often speaking of it—sometimes saying, "It had not yet come"; sometimes, that it was to fulfil its eternal purposes "He came into the world"—an hour in which the gaze of Heaven, Earth and Hell focussed itself upon the grief-stricken figure of the Saviour of Mankind, as alone He entered the Valley of the Shadow. The scene was in sharp contrast to the agony of that night and the tragedy of the morrow. Earthquake and terror crowded round the death-hour on Golgotha; but Nature was hushed as if in awe around the sacred sorrow of Gethsemane. The secluded shadows of the garden veiled even the moonlight's intrusion, while the massive tree-trunks with their leafy burdens hid from sight the upward view of the fateful city of Jerusalem. Upon that tumult of grief—that proxysm of suffering, that out-pour of prayer, we would look with hearts overcharged with reverent love, as we think of the weight of this world's woe which bowed Him there. The torture of physical pain, which was so soon to follow, was not more poignant than the keen mental anguish which hid the falling of the blood-sweat. He Who on the morrow faced, with majestic silence, both priest, procurator and leading mob; He from Whom the most painful torture could not wring one complaining murmur, was prostrate with the pangs of a world's wrongs, and the momentous question of its redemption; He before Whom the devils had veiled and fled lay on His face upon the ground, and the voice which had hushed the tempests and calmed the seas, and brought the dead to life, now murmured in broken accents:—"Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done." But what was the source of all this agony—this bitter, bitter darkness, this passion which almost made His heart to fail, which so tore His spirit, and oppressed His soul and afflicted His body as to make His sweat as drops of blood fall heavily to the ground?

It was Divine Humanity tasting the bitter cup which sin had poisoned.

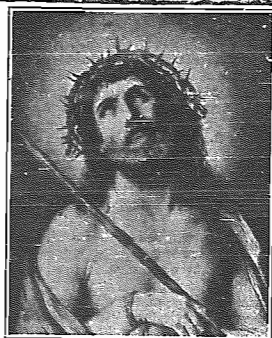
It was Supreme Compassion bending 'neath the weight of a whole world's woe.

It was Blameless Innocence paying the penalty of dire guilt.

It was Spotless Purity wading through the cesspool of debased uncleanness.

It was the dark, dread agony of looking upon a ruined world swinging in the balances, in the one scale its doom, in the other its hope, and He Himself this hour must decide which scale should drop.

Christ chose, and asked three of His humble followers to watch with Him. He offered them this wondrous privilege of rendering Him this little service during an occasion unparalleled in the history of all ages, and, as with all God's requests, we may be quite sure that there was some great purpose in it. Perhaps He was to gain—perhaps they were to gain—we shall see;



Behold the MAN

Commissioner

although, before going any further, I might say that it is our own hour of trial, or the hour of another, we are given the opportunity of sharing, we are brought up to it for a purpose—a purpose which has in it, as did this hour for Jesus and the sleeping disciples, possibilities of the furthest-reaching issues.

It was the Hour of Desertion.

THOSE who had followed in His marches, and stood by to witness His miracles, had left Him. Those who had made the great holiday of His home-coming days before, avowing their honored esteem by snatching down the branches of the ornamental palms, and throwing their mantles for His treading, gave no intimation of befriending Him on the morrow. No child even had followed Him, no friend lingered or refused to leave Him, no comrade threw the halo of gentile and understanding pity around Him. Not one soul—left—deserted! After all He had done for others, there was no one to do anything for Him. He was forsaken—and forsaken in the one great hour of His life.

Christ's mind, in its Divine sensitiveness and all-knowledge, must have dwelt upon the various causes of all this desertion by those whom He had so passionately loved, and tenderly served, and from it He must have gathered a great deal of the bitterness of the cup. What a specimen of mankind for whom on the morrow He was so greatly to suffer; how worthless and depraved the whole race must have appeared, and the devil would argue:—"Make not a sacrifice of all that Thou art and hast for those who are so absolutely incapable of even estimating the smallest part of the great price it will cost."

This temptation comes to all those who spend and are spent for others, and yielding to it has been the cause of the overthrow of some whole lives of most blessed usefulness. Disappointment in those we have served and loved pinches the heart just as weariness takes hold of the limbs, and the pain of exhausted nerves strikes the back, and the throb of a tired brain hammers away at the temples, and we are apt to think that, after all, what is the use of all this giving and so little gaining; this is no appreciation of our sacrificing; there are none to truly count the cost of all this tug and toil for others, and just when we should hold tightest to the torn hand of Him Who carried life's every disappointment through the wine-press alone, and saw, as Jesus did, "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done," have we turned aside to become deserters too?

Secondly, It was His Hour of Agony.

ANTICIPATED pains to sensitive natures are frequently worse than the reality.

Then, physical pain, torturous as it may be, can never be compared to mental suffering, and

into this one hour was pressed all the pang, pain, smart and throb that is to be found within the whole realm of agony.

To what a keen extent did Christ realize the excruciating torture through which He was to pass on that dark, dark morrow, when the spikes would split the tender leaders of the foot; the nails tear the stretched palms of the hands; the thorns pierce the sensitive cells of the brow; the pricks driving deeper as the blood oozed out; the arm-sockets strain and rend with the weight of the body tugging from the tearing hands; the scourge cut the skin, and the stone raze the purple and blue in all parts of the sacred form; and with rude blow and fiendish scratch "His face was to be marred more than that of any man's;" while muscle and limb become distorted, and exhaustion from the loss of blood adds the indescribable torture of death from thirst, to death from agony—Christ passed through it all in the garden this one black, bleak, bloody hour.

Surely in all this mental and physical agony Christ shared all the suffering which can crowd into a hospital ward, or stretch on a slum-garret floor. When I hear of twisted joints, and remember all the awkwardness and suffering of a cramped, crippled form, I think of Christ's dislocated limbs, and when I hear of racking pain and blistering sores, I think of His five bleeding wounds; when I hear the cry for bread, or of the parched tongues and fevered throats of famine, I think of His wilderness hunger and His cry of thirst in the death-grip, and I say, "Oh, how He loved us when in that practical, passionate, outstretching sympathy He took all our pains upon His own body, that by His stripes we might be comforted on Earth, and that by His death all our infirmities should be lost in the grave, giving us a perfect healing in a sure and glorious resurrection."

Thirdly, It was the Hour of Betrayal.

TO His cup was added the bitterest of all bitters, in the fact that it was one of His own who delivered Him into the hands of His enemies! How the Divine nobility of Jesus must have recoiled from this worst spectacle of all that is detestable in human ingratitude; this despicable display of human hypocrisy; this embodiment of brutality, craft and malice; this ruined soul lost in the wreckage of a forsaken love and betrayed trust.

Judas did not only desert the group of Christ's chosen—not only dropped out from the following, but committed a much grosser and more grievous sin. Desertion, in all its phases and character, fills the backslider with enough sorrow to break the heart of angels. What storms beat the soul; what sins stain the garment; what fears fill the breast when one steps out from the harbor.

"Oh," said a young man in the meeting I was conducting last night, "since I became a backslider it has been such a rapid march down, the work has been so quick, the road has been so rough, the dangers have been so many, the way has been so dark that I have lost all—all



I had that was virtuous, good and happy," and as his head went down into his hands he said, "I am just a heap of misery."

The man who has once known the blessedness of sins forgiven and the walk towards Heaven can never experience any real happiness in that portion which is allowed to those who forsake their God. The nearest approach to happiness (and it is a gross libel on the word) is an indifference derived from a murdered conscience which leaves the soul to sleep in its darkness, as the quieted storm leaves the midnight no more disturbed by its intermittent flashes and its wakening voices of thunder.

But deserting the cause was only part of Judas' sin—he sold his Lord. He sat with the favored and blessed few at the sacred meal; he looked upon the wondrous face of Him Whom he had witnessed through the years past give and suffer all things for others; he saw the darkened expressions light upon the countenances of his fellow disciples as they became troubled beyond description at the saying of Jesus, "One of you shall betray Me." He left the lighted room, the happy band, the presence of the Saviour, and full of greed, hatred and spite went out into the darkness with demonic passions hooting in every chamber of his doomed soul—and there and then struck the bargain which sold with His Master his last remnants of hope.

There is a great deal of selling done. There is such a thing as selling the good name of another to gain praise for our own. We notice the haste with which some run from one to another and say, "You know so-and-so? Although reported to be all they wish you to think they are have you ever noticed one great fault that they have—such-and-such a thing? Now, that is a failing to which I was never subjected. I could never do anything of that kind." This is often the case after such slanderous tongues

have been the recipients of the hospitality of those whom they seek to damage. I have known them step right out from the lighted tea-table and do this traitorous selling business for a great deal less than thirty pieces of silver. Some sell the virtues of others by a despicable uncharitableness in imputing base motives to the purest of deeds, and dare to take into their own hands the judgment of Him Who alone can read the heart of man, and because some dear saint's garments shine a good deal brighter than their own filthy rags, they will announce amongst their gossiping circle that they are quite sure that such-and-such an act of sacrifice was only for the purpose of some self-gain.

Some sell on the general store principle. Every scrap of stumble, or mistake, or failing, or even peculiarity or misfortune that will fetch the worth of its travel, off they run, with a haste which will not always permit of tying the bonnet-strings, or shoe-lace, with it to the gossip market—nay, they are a very pawn-brokers of spiritual merchandise. They buy the confidences of others with all manners of assurances, and sell them over their counters for whatever they will fetch. They live, feed, and fatten on the business. Whenever I meet them, or see them, or hear of them, I always think of Ju-

das, and call them sellers. Bad, contemptible and wretched enough as this is, yet it does not embrace the full height, breadth and depth of Judas' sin. He betrayed Him. Not enough to sell Him and then leave Him to His chance, but he pointed out to the enemy where He was. He made public His secret confidences. He told them His secret place of prayer—the enclosure in the garden where they would find Him, and in case, in the darkness of the night, so slight a figure could not be detected, he brought the light to show Him up.

Is the dark, crimson stain of a sin so heinous found upon the garments of anyone who may chance to read these words? Have you ever done it? Brought the light of the knowledge of the most sacred confidences with which your trusted position may have favored you, to fill the mouths of evil thinkers? Have you so misrepresented things, matters, and men as to laden the tongues of His bitterest enemies with false accusations against His children and His cause? Have you put the reason of your leaving the flag down to that contemptible lie so often resorted to—"Lost confidence in your leader", inferring that he or she is a fraud, when the fraud has been in your own heart? Have you, because uncleanness in your own soul has driven you out

remorse and despair which rushed in the doom of the lost soul of Judas.

What Hung on the Hour.

ON this dread hour hung more than those slumbering disciples, those crafty priests, that fickle multitude, that cruel-hearted traitor could imagine; nay, more than Earth could guess, angels know, or devils surmise. There was the seal to His blameless, beautiful life amongst men, and the merciful work of His three years' ministry. Without this crown of suffering the healing, helping, and teaching of the life of Jesus would have been incomplete, for it was His death which demonstrated His Divinity, and declared by its following tomb-bursting and glorious resurrection the supernal light of another and everlasting life.

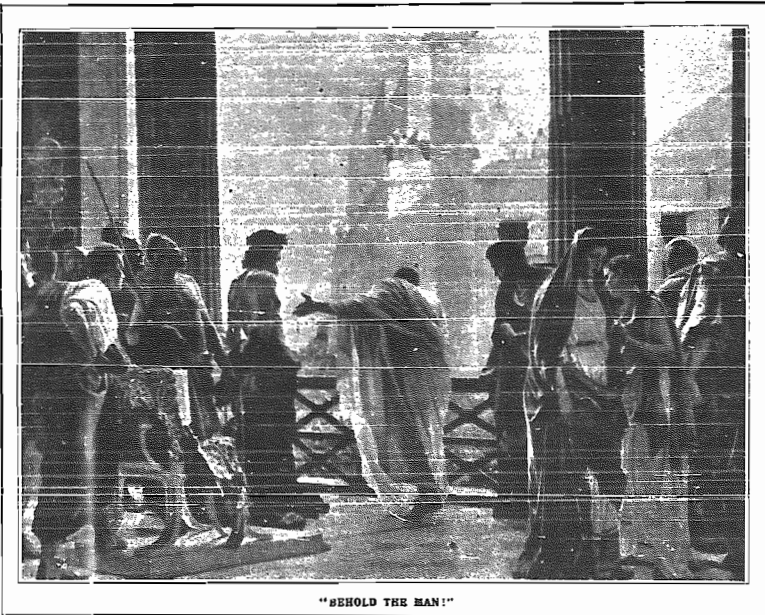
It was the undeniable proof of all His miracles.

"Oh! but," you say, "He died as a common man!"

Yes! He died as *only the Man, Jesus*, could have died, but *He rose again as only God*, could.

We should do more rising with God if we could only do more dying with Jesus, and give more proof of Divinity in us. There was the

putting out of the last smouldering embers of doubt in the minds of the almost persuaded; the fact which sent Him forth triumphant to meet the wretch which threw open Heaven's gate and heart to receive the blood-washed; the light which sprang out of that black, bleak darkness, the Light of the World to show all men the way back to God. It freed the slave; it protected the captive; it lifted woman; it lifted the sorrows of the widow, met the cry of the orphan; it righted the wrongs of the oppressed; it recovered the losses of the unfortunate; it wiped the tears of the bereaved; it washed the sins of the guilty; in that hour, when the Love of



"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

from white and Heavenly surroundings, sought to betray the blameless character of the organization into the hands of purity's basest foes? Have you made the fact of your having been within the enclosure to assist in putting Innocence into the hands of villainous guilt, and so betrayed your greatest benefactor—the Flag? Is the weight of a sin so great on your soul? I ask not how you have done it—whether with oily tongue or raspy one; whether with the appearance of a Christian, or the brazen face of a rebel—I only say that if you have done it—belied your Master and His children, and dragged the blood-stained banner of His cause through the gutter of abuse and slander, then you are to blame for the most malignant and infamous treachery, and in the name of all Heaven I declare you guilty of High Treason against Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and unless you repent and do your first works, there awaits you the tempestuous onspeeding of that

Heaven threw its arms around the sorrows of Earth, and the two worlds kissed each other in acknowledgement that the broken, bleeding body of a crucified Lord had bridged the gulf.

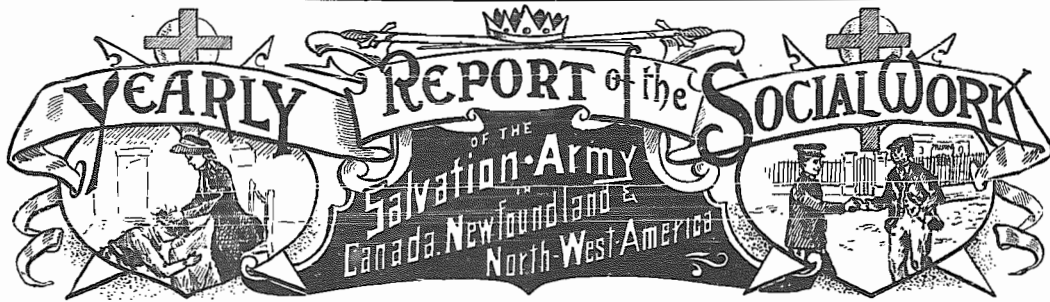
(To be continued.)

LET HIM IN!

The great composer, Mendelssohn, once paid a visit to the Freiburg organ. He asked permission of the custodian of the instrument to play upon it. This was at first refused but afterwards reluctantly granted. The master musician swept his hands over the keys and such music rolled out as had never been heard in that place. The man having charge of the famous instrument caught his breath and listened intently. And when, with trembling step, he approached and learned the name of the world-renowned performer, he exclaimed sadly and humbly, "And I refused him permission to touch my organ!"

Jesus asks permission to come in and control your life and make it beautiful and harmonious. Will you refuse Him or will you constrain Him to come and abide?





INTRODUCTION BY THE COMMISSIONER.



VER since it was revealed to the great founder of this vast organization that you cannot preach successfully salvation to the poorest and most depraved masses in their starving condition, means were sought for, and adopted, whereby their hunger and want should be appeased in order to ultimately reach the soul. Excessive material want and suffering often make a man insensitive to his moral and spiritual nature; but if his immediate needs are supplied, the soul will assert her rights and demand attention.

The Social Work of the Salvation Army began early on a small scale, but with the increasing demands, it became a distinct branch, receiving the General's entire attention for some length of time. After several years of practical experience with various Social Institutions for men and women, he wrote his famous book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," in which he fully and comprehensively explains his scheme for the social and moral elevation of the Submerged Tenth of the population of the British Isles. The scheme begins by holding out a helping hand to the very lowest being in the social scale of humanity, to aid him, if he has the slightest desire to be helped, through a chain of successive steps, to be once more placed on a footing of respectability.

The Shelters for men, women, and children provide cheap lodgings for the homeless, and the Food Depots cheap meals for the hungry, while the Woodyards and factories give temporary employment to any who have not the means to pay even the small amount charged for the food and lodgings in our institutions. Rescue Homes throw open wide doors to the wandering feet of lost and unhappy womanhood. The Children's Shelters throw a protecting wing around the orphans, shield those who are more destitute than the fatherless, and direct them into the paths of virtue, as well as providing for them Christian homes. The Free Labor Bureau assists the unemployed to find work. The Prison Gate work reforms and saves the criminal, converts the prisoner, assists the ex-convict to find an honest means of livelihood, and endeavors to reconcile him to his family and friends. The Farm Colonies aid the poor man to escape from the crowded tenements of the city, where poverty and crime often dwell together, employment is scarce, and wages scarcely suffice to keep the wolf of starvation from the door, and to help him to become the owner of a cottage and small farm, as well as a happy and useful member of the human family.

In Great Britain the statistics of our Social Work show a stupendous achievement during the last twelve months: The Food Depots sup-

plied two and one-half million cheap meals; the Shelters totalled one and one-half million beds; over three thousand men were received into the factories; nearly ten thousand men found employment through our agencies; five hundred criminals entered the Prison Gate Homes; two thousand five hundred girls sought refuge in our Rescue Homes, and nearly sixty thousand families were visited and helped by our Slum Officers. These are some of the surprising figures.

The Social Institutions in our Territory are less numerous; firstly, because the population is small and scattered over tremendous distances; secondly, the young continent has great-

ly, but the stories of the succeeding pages only can lend the life and warmth necessary to a correct understanding of figures.

The Salvationist's instinct and business keeps him in touch with the sore places of society. The demand of consecrated lives for this work, and the need of money to defray the cost of the current expenses, and to provide for extensions, are far greater than any pen can express. How much of yourself—your life, your toil, your sympathy, your means—are you going to give in this first year of the century to the helping upward of the UNDER MAN, and the gathering in of the wandering feet of those whom He loved, and for whom He died, and for whom He still pleads, making intercession before the Throne?



THESE FIGURES ARE COMPUTED FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1900.

Men's Shelters.

No. Food and Shelter Depots	10
" Coal and Wood Yards	2
" Farm Colonies	1
Total accommodation for persons	626
No. Beds supplied	85,877
" Meals supplied	116,829
" Men found permanent employment	27
" temporary	2,314
Meetings held in Men's Shelters	599

Men's Prison Gate Work.

No. Men met on discharge from Prison	634
" ex-prisoners helped with meals and lodgings	322
" ex-prisoners placed in permanent situations	200

Free Labor Bureau.

No. Situations found for men	536
------------------------------	-----

Women's Social Work.

No. Rescue Homes	12
" Women's Shelters	2
" Maternity Homes	1
" exclusive Children's Homes	1
" League of Mercy centres	13
" Girls admitted to Rescue Homes	270
" found employment	270
" sent to friends	141
" sent to hospitals and other homes	101

No. Girls left unsatisfactory	15
" married	3
" in House Dec. 31, 1900	124
Value of work done by girls in Homes	\$4,860.33

Women's Shelters.

No. Beds supplied	8,708
" Meals	11,707

Children's Work.

No. Children admitted to Rescue Homes	271
No. Children sent to friends	167
" sent to hospitals or other homes	25
" adopted out	18
" died	57
" in Rescue Homes, Dec. 31, 1900	115

Evangeline Children's Home.

No. admitted	35
" sent to parents or friends	19
" sent to hospitals	4
" adopted out	2
" died	1
" in House Dec. 31, 1900	21

Inquiry Department.

No. Missing Friends inquired for	102
" cases found	85
" cases receiving attention	80

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music and happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to silent prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God Who cares.

When a shadow hovers over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do

To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour, can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above!
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that brought me down He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.



OUR SISTERS AND DAUGHTERS.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, Whom he hath not seen?"—Holy Writ.

"Oh, dwarfed and wrunged, and stained with ill,
Behold! thou art a woman still!
And, by that sacred name and dear,
I bid thy better self appear.
Still, through thy foul disguise, I see
The rudimental purity
That, spite of change and loss, makes good
Thy birthright claim of womanhood."



OUR sisters and daughters—yes surely. The most unlovely and unlovable have been the treasure of some home circle, the idol of some fond heart. Some tender hand has clasped their clinging fingers; some warm heart has throbbled with passionate love at thought of them; some life has built its highest hopes about their future. If not—God pity them! They are doubly the claimants of our love and pity. In the sheltered environs of Christian homes surrounded by those by Nature's ties beloved, with all the comforts and luxuries of our modern civilization, and all the religious and educational advantages of our fair land, it is hard for those who have not felt the throb of society's sorrow and sin to realize its existence.

This American continent has been honored with exceptional blessings, and yet, there is a dual evil in our midst—strong drink and social impurity. The first recognized and combated to a certain extent, the second, unpleasant to refined taste to remember, consequently often passed by. Some one has written:

"But who cares? Alas, it is too painfully true that very few do, in comparison to the vast number who live in ease and luxury, and to whom the 'bitter cries' of the 'ill-placed' are simply meaningless sounds. Should Lazarus or Magdalene become too obtrusive—show their rags or parade their shame, Dives—the modern one—will speedily regulate matters by consigning both to the iron hand of the law.

It is not needful to heap up woeful repetition of the dire misery that falls to the lot of the daughters of sorrow. Sordid, sombre and malignant, the evil that blasts a great part of our modern humanity gathers in intensity, affording such lurid exhibitions of crime as would put the wildest of wild beasts to shame. The task before us is to face this dark mass of passion, cruelty, degradation, and woe, and to offer some way out.

Those who have been thrilled by the explorer's account of the African slave trader's cruelty to his unfortunate victims will turn away with horror of ten-fold intensity if they only realized that in the heart of our English-speaking populations there exists a slavery more horrible in its

GHASTLY DEVASTATION

and its eternal consequences. 12,000 women were arrested in Chicago in one year for drunkenness. Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts says: "Inpurity is increasing apace in all parts of the land. This was the verdict of a convention of physicians." In the United States there are 230,000 whose lives are given up to the social sin, 50,000 of whom die every year, the majority flung out to the corruption of the Potter's Field, unloved and unhonored here and without hope for the future. 50,000 fresh victims yearly recruit this army of abandoned womanhood, the larger portion of whom are lured into their loathsome life by intrigue, deception and force. Unfortunately this class is not confined to the large cities of

the United States. What about Canada? Fair, beautiful, religious Canada! Vancouver has its Dupont Street; Victoria, its Chinatown; St. John, its Sheffield District, and I witnessed some months ago in Albemarle Street, Halifax, a scene quite as appalling and demoralizing as I saw while visiting Chicago's notorious Clark Street.

Ontario has no statistics of its sisterhood of sorrow. But Mr. Noxon, Provincial Inspector of Public Charities, made

A STARTLING STATEMENT

through the press a few weeks ago. He said: "Drunkenness and immorality are on the increase among the girls and women of Ontario, employed in the shops and factories of our cities. There are now probably from five to ten times as many girls and young women employed in the shops and factories of our cities as formerly. These come, in most cases, from the rural districts, and are removed, in the city, from the restraining influence of home life. Moreover, the drudgery of the factory, and constant nervous tension, make them feel the need of amusement and excitement after the day's work is over. These influences, combined with the constant and free



LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ,
Superintendent Women's Social Work.

intercourse among the sexes, lead all too frequently to drunkenness and vice."

I want to emphasize the fact that there is a sad and lamentably increasing need for Rescue work. While this evil flaunts its black flag in our faces in some communities, it is more often found under the gilded veneer of culture and refinement or in the back streets of our towns and cities behind respectable houses.

Talk about Dante's "Inferno" and the cruelties of the torture chamber of the lost! He who walks with open eyes and bleeding heart through the darker pages of civilization needs not such fantastic images of the poet to teach him horror.

I wish I had an artist's brush to paint, or an orator's tongue to depict, but I have only to ask you to multiply the pictures these questions call forth to your mind an hundred-fold, and you will have a faint glimpse of the condition that exists in our midst.

It is not easy to write of this

SEA OF HUMAN AGONY

which touches the vital springs of our home, church and national life, but if we are to become the moral and spiritual physicians of the soul diseases, we must not be afraid to look at life as it really exists—not imagine that it is in the ideal condition we would wish to be. And

they are our sisters, they belong to our great human family, they are the purchase of our Saviour's blood, heirs with us to the privileges of the atonement.

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY—OUR DUTY.

"What is the duty of the Church of Christ to the fallen woman?"

In the Gospel we see Christ on at least three occasions facing this problem and making disposition of it.—John viii. 4-11; John ix. 7-12; Luke vii. 36-50. It was to Mary of Magdala, out of whom had been cast "seven devils," that our Lord first appeared after His resurrection. Each woman, save the first, became, as sacred history shows, Christ's messenger, and thus, Christ's attitude of forgiveness is not more plainly shown than His power to save such women to the uttermost. For its own protection, Society demands their redemption. The Church must bring them to Christ, take Christ to them; and by provision of shelter and occupation for them, enable them to make an honest living.—Christian Herald.

"Talk about the question of the day! There is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction."—The late Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

In a stirring article on this question written some time ago, the General makes a very searching interrogation. He says:—

"Who is responsible? Here we have a body of women endowed with measureless capacities for human happiness, each possessed of a redeemed, deathless spirit and intended for a future felicitous existence, openly maintained for the vilest and most immoral purposes, and that at an agonizing sacrifice. Let us look at it.

1. Every woman in this army of death is maintained at the price of her peace.
2. This army of unfortunates is maintained at the expense of every social enjoyment and possession.
3. This army of slaves for the black service of men is maintained at the price of health.
4. This force is only maintained at the price of life.
5. This business is kept going at the price of the souls of the women themselves.

Now, who is responsible for this condition of things? This is the question with which I started, and to which I want to come back with all the emphasis I can command. In endeavoring to answer the question, it does not seem to me that

any expiation on the blameworthiness of the women themselves can be considered as sufficient or satisfactory reply. That they are deplorably faulty—yes, very guilty—will be granted without a moment's hesitation, although a good deal might be said on their behalf even in this respect.

"WHAT, THEN, CAN WE DO?"

I will tell you what I think ought to be done at once, if earth and Heaven and hell have to be moved for its accomplishment.

1. "Let a door of escape for every one of these bond-slaves be opened at once. Let every girl be told and told plainly, and told repeatedly, that if she is sick of the business, or has any desire whatever to escape from its thralldom, you will give her all needed assistance in doing so. Let it be known that you will make the way of deliverance as agreeable as you can; that in rescuing her from one form of slavery you will not land her in another. Let her hear in some way that she can come out into the immediate enjoyment of a pure, happy, useful life. There are difficulties about that view of the case, I know.

2. "I would not only make a way of escape possible and agreeable to every girl who wants to get away from this diabolical road to hell, but I would have every girl in the business canvassed in favor of her deliverance. I would have her

reasoned with by competent officers, or soldiers or friends. I am not particular about the agency, provided only that those who undertake it should understand the work they attempt. Sisters they must be, true sisters of charity, whose hearts are full of the pity and love of the Holy Spirit, and whose heads are possessed of the knowledge of that particular kind of human nature with which they have to deal, and the peculiar circumstances in which it is placed."

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

"All reforms are relations," an American Socialist has said. How true we have found this to be!

Fifteen years ago the Salvation Army grappled with the great social problem in England, with the result that over 30,000 have been rescued through its agency.

Touched by the stories of girls that came under her notice, one of our soldiers opened her own home for the reception of the outcasts who came to our meetings. It was soon crowded. Mrs. Booth heard the victims' horrible stories, and could not rest till some agitation was made. The General assured her that they could not be true, and more with the idea of comforting her than anything else, undertook to investigate. Then commenced the agitation which became a world-wide theme. A girl, decoyed by an advertisement in a newspaper, found an Army hymn book in the place where she was entrapped. Armed with the hymn-book with the Headquarters' address, she managed to climb out of the window and get away.

and better equipped in every way. We have been able to perfect our system of industry, and thus supplement the gifts of our friends and the various grants from Governments, Municipalities, etc. Our work has been receiving recognition and appreciation on all sides by civic and police authorities, the medical fraternity, the clergy, the press and the public generally. We rejoice in this, as the more widely known and understood this work is, the less should be the burden of responsibility to finance and support it—a burden which has weighed heavily upon those who bear the responsibility of its oversight.

Then, too, we humbly acknowledge the blessing of God in the spiritual and moral advancement made. This year has marked the definite choosing of a life of Christian service by hundreds of the dear girls in our Homes.

Our chief aim, to which we make everything bend, is to bring all within the sheltering precincts of our Refuges to the Lord Jesus, to seek His favor and the strength of His Grace. If we fail in this we feel that our work is incomplete.

full share of sunshine and air. The view of the city and surrounding country is perfectly delightful." Such environment must have an elevating influence upon those who come within its hospitable walls.

Another development since our last Annual Report was issued is the extension of our work to Vancouver, B. C. This was opened at the urgent request of some of Vancouver's citizens. The City Council was approached, and, for the first time in the history of Canadian Rescue work, a subsidy was granted by the civic authorities to a prospective work, and our inaugural income was augmented by the sum of \$250.

In St. John's Nfld., we have developed our work by building a much-needed addition to our home at the cost of over five hundred dollars. The new addition will be used as a Maternity Ward, there being no Institution of the kind in Newfoundland.

In the City of Halifax this year we have opened a new building—a double house, where we can better carry on the rescuing of the unfortunate classes of whom there are so many in that seaport, military town. A description of the new Homes was given in the Halifax papers at the time of the opening, and in the pages of the War Cry.

EVANGELINE HOSPITAL.

The most important venture of the year is our recently acquired and commodious Institution in St. John, N. B. The efforts of the Rescue Home and Maternity Hospital will be combined. In addition to this, the new Home will be a Training School for our nurses for the Territory, and we propose to have a small portion of the place set apart for a casual ward.

This Home was formally opened by the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, in November last.

From the St. John "Globe" we append excerpts from the following descriptive article:—

"The Home, built by Miss

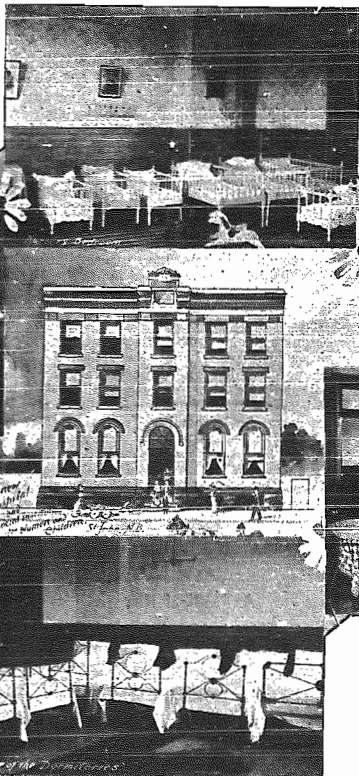


Her story was verified. Further details proved the horrible traffic which was being carried on.

Everyone is familiar with the terrible struggle which followed. Mr. Stead spent three months in prison. Mrs. Booth wrote to Her late Majesty, the Queen. Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Josephine Butler lectured up and down England and a monster petition was organized to which 343,000 signatures were given in seventeen days. It was two miles in length, and was carried by eight Salvationists, and placed in the House of Commons while the members rose from their seats and cheered lustily. The petition asked that the age of consent be raised from 13 to 16 years. This is England's crimson spot. Since then an organized effort has been made to save outcast womanhood. Each department or new phase of work has been pressed upon us by the urgent need of the hour; each new branch has been the out-growth of formerly established work.

In this country we commenced with the Rescue work, i. e., sheltering, caring for and teaching wayward girls found by our workers in their visitations, or frequenters of our Evangelistic meetings, or sent to us by the Police authorities, in lieu of going to prison. Our Children's work became an imperative necessity; our Women's Shelter work also, and the last year or two we have been compelled to open the Maternity Hospital Department in connection with the Rescue Homes.

We have a very encouraging report to present to our readers this year. Our balance sheet shows the financial position to be better than in any previous year. Our Homes are on a more satisfactory basis, more systematically conducted



OUR ADVANCES.

During the year we have made several distinct advances. For three or four years a good work has been carried on in Spokane, Wash., where there is an appalling need of it, but the success of the already-established work in this charming Western city was much impeded by the fact that our premises were not of the most suitable character. We secured a large building in a suitable locality early in the year where we have greater facilities for a more successful work. Writing of our Home in Spokane, a member of the City's Medical profession describes it as "beautifully situated on high ground just outside and overlooking the City. It is as thoroughly equipped as a modern Sanatorium, containing all conveniences, such as gas, electric light, bath, open fire-places, latest improved ventilation and sanitary plumbing. Every room in the house is an outside room, receiving its

Hutchison for a sailors' resort, is in every way well adapted for the needs of the Army, which was most fortunate in securing it. The rooms are all large and airy, well lighted, and command a pleasant view, so that as regards situation and comfort there is nothing to be desired. The furnishings are plain and home like. The officers are earnest, patient workers in God's vineyard, who do all in their power to make life pleasant for those who are brought under their care.

On the ground floor are the large dining-room, kitchen and laundry, with ample cupboard and pantry room and all the other necessities of a well-appointed residence. The St. James Street floor contains the reception room, work room, office, and a pretty "home room" for the use of those who at any time have been inmates, a room they are privileged to use at all times. Also officers' sleeping rooms and a small dormitory.

Upstairs are dormitories, the nurses' rooms, the nursery, bath-rooms and other apartments necessary to the work. All are comfortably furnished, and the inmates seemed well satisfied, not only with their quarters, but with the care and attention bestowed on them by the faithful staff.

Rescue Sketches.

Love, Not Expiations.

THE grey, solemn twilight was stealing into a little room of one of our Rescue Homes, as a Rescue Officer patiently listened to the sad story of a broken-hearted girl, who had sought and found admittance from the storms of life. The story was told in all its cruel detail, between sobs and tears, and then these words were spoken with intensity of despair: "I do not see how I can ever be forgiven: I have sinned too deeply. Oh, what shall I do?" The officer waited until the storm had spent itself somewhat, then taking the hand of the weeping girl, she said: "Bessie, dear, do you believe that we love you?" "Yes, I am sure you do," came the whispered response. "Well, it is God Who loves you, and has shown His love towards you by giving you this chance to give up your sins, and that you may love and serve Him with all your heart, and then He can help you to be a blessing to others. Come, let us ask Him to forgive you now." And beside the white bed they knelt in the gathering darkness, and Bessie's sins were swept away into the sea of His forgetfulness, and Jesus bade her "go in peace and sin no more."

Her face always wore a saddened expression, but the light of an earnest purpose shone out of the quiet, grey eyes, as she went about her duties from day to day, and she proved her love to her Lord during the rest of her stay in the Home.

A dark sorrow fell upon her shortly afterwards. The darling babe, upon whom her heart's affections were centred, was taken by the death angel from her loving arms, and she was left "free to serve." When out gaining her livelihood, there was many a pilgrimage made to the tiny grave, marked by the grey stone bearing only her baby's name. Hers was a love that could not die.

One day she came back to visit the dear old Home. "I feel that God has called me to give up my life to nurse the sick and suffering," Bessie said quietly. "I am going far away. It will be hard to leave the little grave, but I must go," and the sensitive face quivered with pain. We bade her good-bye, rejoicing that God had taken the poor, broken life, and was making it a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use.

In the wards of a distant hospital, a quiet, pale-faced woman goes from bed to bed, smoothing the pillow of the sufferer, holding the cooling drink to the fevered lips, whispering words of hope and comfort to the dying. No one, looking upon the peaceful face, would dream of the sorrows that had almost submerged her life. Here we must leave Bessie, not trying, as some may imagine, to expiate her sin by spending her life a sacrifice for others, but proving the Master's words: "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much." Shall not this loving service be valued by His heart of love, as the ointment so precious that was poured upon His dear feet by a repentant sinner of old? —A. D. C.

Ethel's Victory.

NOT always does the precious seed sown in the hearts of our sorrowing sisters bear fruit immediately. It is often "after many days," and here it is that the correspondence which is kept up with those who have left the city, in which the Home is situated, is often a great help.

Ethel was a true illustration of this. Always gay and bright in the Home, no prayers or pleadings seemed to have any effect upon her. She did not seem to realize how deeply she had grieved her God, and we should have felt very much discouraged when she went away unsaved, and apparently unmoved, had we not believed the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please."

More than three years had rolled by, and letters had been sent frequently. "Be sure and tell us as soon as you give your heart to God, dear. We always believe for you," was the

little message in one letter. It was not very long after that the answer came back. "I know you will be glad to hear that I have got saved and am living for Jesus." During a season of great discouragement she returned to the city. Together we pleaded with her for victory, and our child of many prayers is living to glorify God.—A. D. C.

A Motherless Girl.

"I F I only had a mother, I should never have come to this," was the bitter cry of a little fourteen-year-old orphan girl, who had been brought to us by some kind friends. And we wondered, could the angel-mother in heaven see her little child, if there would not be sorrow even in that holy place, at the ruin and desecration of childish innocence and grace, and we could but pray that God would help us to mother the poor, little, lonely girl.—A. D. C.

A Child of Many Prayers.

THE greater part of the girls are motherless, but a few are the children of praying parents. Laura was one of these. Taught about God from her earliest infancy, the greatest grief that weighed upon her, after her fall, was on mother's account; and to save the terrible weight of disgrace falling upon the loving hearts at home, she had fled, self-exiled, away from them all, and found herself in a large city, among strangers. She was directed to the Rescue Home, and found there a loving welcome. "Do you know," she said one day, "that my faith in God was almost gone. I doubted Him, but I asked Him if He would only open up some door for me; and the way He has done it so wonderfully helps me to trust Him again. When I think of how He led me to the Home, when I had nowhere to go, and you were so kind to me, and took me in, I can see how He answered my prayers."

Many a struggle, many a season of black despair came to poor Laura, but at last the light streamed into her soul from Calvary, and she realized that she was at peace with God. She has been away from us now for almost a year. Letters received from her, from time to time, still bring the glad news of her oneness with God, of lessons learned day by day, of submission to the Divine will, of thankfulness for help and spiritual blessing while in the Home, and a steady upward advance in the Christian life. Who can tell how much a mother's earnest prayers have had to do with the salvation of this precious soul.—A. D. C.

A Prodigal Restored.

POOR May! Her father and mother are very respectable farmers. May was the oldest child, and the mother's great stand-by. She was keeping company with a young man, and was engaged to be married, but he led her astray and cleared the country—he left May to face the future all alone. Time went by and May had to tell her great sorrow to her father and mother. Their hearts were well nigh broken for their daughter. She remained with her parents as long as she could, and then she determined to leave home for the first time in her life. Her father and mother, too, considered it best for her to go: the people would then know nothing of her trouble.

Poor May started for Fargo, but there she saw people whom she knew. She next started for Winnipeg. On her arrival it was raining hard, and had been for three days. In a strange city, May started to find a place of safety and protection. Her valise was heavy, and with it she walked for hours in the rain and mud. At last she got up courage to ask a policeman where the S. A. Home was. He directed her, and as she came near the Home she heard music and singing, and said to herself, "Oh, they are having a meeting here." The bell rang and I went to the door. May stepped inside, the water dripping off her clothes. She said, "Can you take me in?" "Yes, dear," I said, bidding her follow me. She took off her wet clothes, we gave her a warm bath, and a hot drink, and put

her in a clean, warm bed. The next morning she told me her sad story.

Four weeks passed. One Sunday afternoon a policeman telephoned asking if there was a girl by the name of May—in the Home, to which we replied in the negative, as we had been given the wrong name.

On Monday morning a fine-looking man came to the door and said, "Is there a lady by the name of May—here?" "I said, 'No sir.' Whereupon he took a family group from his pocket and pointed to the face, which I at once recognised. Said he, with trembling voice, 'I am her father!' I took the photo at once to May. She literally ran to the office, threw her arms around her father's neck, and their weeping could be heard all over the Home. The father said, 'Oh, May, what have you done? Why did you not let us know where you were?' She said, 'I wrote three letters and burned them. I have not slept, worry about you, and over the fact that I have brought grief to my darling parents.' The father said, 'We concluded that, in your grief, you had taken your life. We could not rest, day or night. Your mother's heart is broken: she has looked ten years older during the last four weeks.'"

The poor father was so delighted to see his precious child with Christian people, and to see her protected, that he could not thank us enough for what we had done. Before long May will, I trust, be a child of God, as she is very much convicted.—Mrs. Adj. Langtry.

Why Many Girls Go Astray.

THIS question, so often asked us, was put to me the other day. "To be sure," I said, "there are exceptions, but in almost every case that has come under my notice, I find that a lack of proper home training is that to which we can trace the downfall. Many of these poor girls lost their mothers when very young, and have been deprived of a mother's influence. Others, sad to say, have had mothers whose only ambition for their girls has been, that they might marry well and have a good home." One case comes to my mind now.

Ella, a young girl of sixteen summers, had been brought up in a country home. A man from the city, her senior by many years, came on the scene, sought her hand, and much against her will, she was persuaded by her parents to marry him, the only inducement being a good home and city life. A few weeks with her husband was enough for Ella. He was not a congenial companion for her. Next, Ella went into bad company, and found herself on the street, alone in the city, with nowhere to go. In desperation, she stopped a Salvationist on the street, who brought her to our Home. Ella had been in the Home but a few weeks when, one Sunday afternoon, she knelt at the Saviour's feet. Afterwards she told us the story of her unhappy marriage, and how it had been the cause of her downfall. Oh, that parents would wake up to the responsibility that rests upon them in the training of their children! —Ensign Ogilvie.

A Baby Inebriate.

ONE sketch more; this time of a sweet, frail little girl. "Fader used to drink whiskey over the bar, and mother used to go out to work, and we were locked in the house." She told us one day that the cruel father had deserted those whom he had promised to love and protect. We, therefore, took the children to try and get them into good homes. An application was waiting from a good, Christian woman, who felt that part of her duty to God was to take in some little, uncared-for child, care for and make it happy, for the Master's sake. The little one started off to see her new mamma in great glee. A recent letter says: "She is a most endearing child, very neat and tidy: she will lecture the kittens, or rock herself and sing Army choruses by the half-hour. She sings: 'I love mother, and mother loves me,' and 'Oh, I'm so glad I've got a sister.'"

Poor little one, we can but praise God for opening up the way for her to be saved from the sorrows of the life of a drunkard's child.



AMONG THE "LEAST OF THESE"

Children's Work

From Three
Points of View.

INASMUCH.

"In little faces pinched with cold and hunger
Look, lest you miss Him! In the wistful eyes,
And on the mouths unsoft by mother's kisses,
Marred, bruised and stained, His precious image
lies;

And when ye find Him in the mid-night wild,
Even in the likeness of an outcast child,
O wise men, own your King!
Before this cradle bring
Your gold to raise and bless
Your myrrh of tenderness!
For, "As ye do it unto these," saith He,
Ye do it unto Me."

The Children's Need.

BY STAFF-CAPT. COWAN.

THE question has often been asked, "What would become of the hundreds of helpless little children that are born into the world every year under the ban of sin, these children of deserted, betrayed, homeless girls of our fair country, if there were no such places of love and shelter as our Rescue Homes?"

NO FAULT OF THEIRS.

These little ones are denied, through no fault of their own, the privilege of home life, and the inheritance of a name. No fond, proud look from a father's eye will ever rest upon them. Their baptism is the burning tears that fall upon the sweet upturned faces from the fount of an erring mother's broken heart. Their first wailing cries resound through the corridors of a public hospital. Heavy burden resting upon the tiny brow, the mother frequently has fled from home disgrace, choosing rather to face the consequences of her foolishness among strangers than break the hearts of her parents and bring down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

What chance have these children in this great, cold world? When they are but a few weeks old, the mother steps out into the streets with the tiny bundle in her arms, not knowing whither to turn her footsteps. She has no money; no friends to whom she can go; nobody would want her to work for them with her baby in her arms. What prospect has she? THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH FOR HER.

No wonder that many a girl, under similar circumstances, has been tempted to take the little life with her own hand, and smothering down all her motherly feelings, has placed her child beneath the soft, lapping waves of the river. If she does not take this terrible step, she may possibly succeed in getting it taken in and cared for in some poor family, where it is likely to be brought up to swell the number of the children of the gutter and the street. The inevitable hereditary tendencies are fostered in this atmosphere, and bear an abundant harvest for the state to deal with, in after years, at the bar of justice, and in the cell of the reformatory. We feel like echoing the words of a Christian friend who was speaking of one of our little ones the

other day, "Why should not this little child have a chance in this world of probation?" We answer, "They shall!"

In our Rescue Homes the first years of their infant life, they are cared for, loved, and trained, as far as possible, with a view to developing the better part of their nature. Surely our Father cares. The cry of the children has entered into His loving heart.

LITTLE ARNEE AND OTHERS.

Many of the children have been adopted into Christian homes, where, in favorable environments, we have reason to hope that they will be saved from lives of sin and shame.

Among them is the little "Arnee" of the picture, a bright child full of life and vigor, yet with a tender, loving heart. "Me want my mamma and papa," he would say, and one day a lady and her husband, who had lost each of their own little ones by death, took him into their empty hearts and home, and the little heart is satisfied with father and mother's love.

Lily Mabel, with her sweet, smiling face, has won her way into the hearts of two of God's true saints, who took her "for His sake." Who said, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in My name, receiveth Me."

months ago, the deserted children of a drunkard. "My father used to drink whiskey over the bar," said the little boy one day, as he looked up into my face with a serious expression in his large blue eyes, as if he were announcing the fact that his father was a murderer, "but I am not going to when I am a man." Since being placed in our care, God has opened up a good Christian home for the little girl, where she is extremely happy. The boy has been placed in an institution where, we believe, he will be trained to be a good and useful man. How much different will be the after-life of these children, than if they had been left to the horrors of a drunkard's home.

In spite of the care and love bestowed, it is sometimes impossible to keep some of our little, frail flowerets with us. They droop and fade as soon as the bud unfolds.

"There is a reaper whose name is death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"My Lord has need of these flower-
ets gay,"

The reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.'

But still we have the joy of knowing that, for the few short months of life, they have been saved the suffering that would otherwise be their lot.

ESCAPED FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

Tiny Bertha was one of these. Her poor mother had been entirely unprovided for, deserted, without money or friends. The baby first opened its eyes within the County Poor-House, but the poor mother could not be content to stay in her gloomy surroundings, and as she witnessed daily the sorrows and privations of the poor and homeless, she made up her mind to escape. Being there a long time, and knowing her way about the institution very well, she had one day left the kitchen window in the basement unfastened, and, in the darkness of the night, crept softly downstairs, with her sleeping baby in her arms. She managed to get out all right. Her heart gave a great bound as the watch-dog came running towards her, but, crouching down in the shadow of the house, she whispered his name and patted him, and thus managed to keep him quiet. Then there was the very wide gravel walk to cross. What if her footsteps should be heard, and they should be captured and brought back? She stepped as softly as possible on the loose, rattling stones, but the worst difficulty of all was the high fence, with the great spikes along the top; but fear made the seemingly impossible easy; so, first dropping her clothes in the bundle over the fence, she carefully slipped the baby over and let it fall upon the clothing. Her dress was caught in the spikes, and at last, after quite an effort, she

reached the ground. Soothing her babe for a few moments, and hiding her bundle under some bushes, she started on her weary tramp. She must put as much space as possible between them before daylight should reveal the fact of their flight. As they neared the great city the first faint gleams of rosy morning was flushing up in the east. A kindly teamster, with a lumber wagon, came along and gave them a ride. She waited on the steps of a building adjoining the Rescue Home until she noticed the first sounds of life within, then rang the bell and was admitted. A warm breakfast was hungrily swallowed. After a good bath, for they were spattered with mud, little Bertha was placed in a cosy cradle. She opened her eyes in wonder at the fire gleaming in the grate, and the sweet flowers in the sunny window. Here, for a short time, the little waif was happy and shielded from the privations that had hitherto been



1. Lily Mabel.
2. Little Arnee.
3. The Latest Two.
4. Little Rose.

One bitter, wintry day a forlorn woman came to our door and asked admittance. It was an old, cruel story she told amidst her sobs. She had but two dollars in the world, and very little clothing; no friend to stretch out a helping hand. She was taken in and cared for. After a time her baby, "Rose," was born, and for nearly four years she has been the sunshine of the Home. Her sweet little voice is often heard singing, as she trots around the house, "My sins are under the Saviour's blood, my peace is made with God."

Driving over the bridge in the cutter the other day, and noticing the river as it flowed beneath, she asked, "Is that 'Shall we gather at the river?'" She has been nursed through sicknesses, and loved and cared for in health, and has more than repaid us a thousandfold with her innocent love and confidence.

A little sister and brother came to us some

her lot. She seemed to thrive for a time, but the dread consumption gained rapid hold as the warm spring days came on. Soon the Good Shepherd folded the tiny fragile form in His arms, and bore her away into His blessed Paradise. The mother gave her heart to God, and we believe the love that was bestowed upon herself and little Bertha was the means of showing her how great was the Divine love of our Father.

"I do not know what I would have done if she had died in the poor-house," she said one day. "I could not have borne for her to be buried like a dog. I saw a poor mother nearly crazy with grief in there, for when they buried her baby it was laid in just a rough coffin, with a few shavings in the bottom, and buried in the field."

One thing that often strikes the visitor to our Rescue nurseries is the happiness of the little ones; hearing others singing, they soon learn to join in their baby way, and clap their tiny hands, and as after that triumphal procession of Sion's King, the lowly Jesus, into Jerusalem the sweet treble of the children's voices was heard in the temple above that of the older people, shouting "Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" so, throughout the Dominion, from Newfoundland to Vancouver, in the Rescue Homes of the Army, above the rolling of drums and the crash of brazen instruments, the sweet, silvery voices of "nobody's children" are heard, singing the praises of the Saviour, "Happy day, happy day. The listener almost envies the composer of the words, for it is the children's favorite. "When Jesus, my Saviour, my sins washed away," and the tears almost fall as one realizes that it is for sins "not their own" the little ones must suffer.

While we can never hope to mitigate all the woes from which they are partakers, we are en-

deavoring to, as far as possible, give the children the love that will, in a measure, compensate for all other losses, as we try to "mother" them for His dear sake.

"It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be ever so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looked for,
Hidden with lovely care,
In the heart of the deed so fair."

THE FINISH.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN JOST.

"YOU see, this is the way it is, first the gay company, then the house of sin, then the hospital ward, and then the pauper's grave."

We looked at the speaker, now only a skeleton form of what had, but a few months ago, been a strong, handsome woman in the prime of life, now so gaunt and wasted, with every evidence in her appearance that a few more months, perhaps weeks, would end the earthly story, and the finale would be written.

Other death-bed scenes of a similar character came before us, and we thought, "Yes, God's Word is true, 'Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.'"

Not very long before, we had stood beside another such dying-bed, in the private ward of a city hospital, and hopelessly watched the dying agony of another of sin's victims, tossing from side to side with the death-dew on her forehead, and eyes fast becoming dim to every earthly object. She was going to meet her God, to render an account of the deeds of her life; reaping in her own body the result of the last, and darkest of all, the seeking to destroy the little life which she had sinfully called into being. She was only one of many patients in the large hospital, and we sat alone by the cot, trying to point her to Christ, then in prayer committing her to the mercy of a pitiful God. So she went out into the great eternity with only, as it were, a glimmer of hope that in His great pity and compas-

sion, vile though she was, He would accept her for His dear Son's sake. The next day came the last scene—the pauper's grave.

So they are passing away. Their history is so brief, the *finis* so soon written. May God help us each one to redouble our efforts to win them from the paths of the destroyer, that there may be a different ending than the one Satan had planned, and "instead of the thorn shall come up the fig tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, and they shall be to the Lord an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

Let no one who reads these lines think that they have no part to perform in this work, that it all must be left for the Rescue workers. They are by far too few to cope with it. The harvest is great and calls for more laborers, more to supply the means, and more who are themselves willing to go down to lift the lost ones up. Who will respond, "Here am I, Lord send me," and in so doing find the truest joy in this life, and the promise of an eternal reward in the next?

WINNIPEG HOME OVERCROWDED.

"We were telephoned for to go to the Police Station. Captain and I went, and found three young girls, the oldest 16, the others 15. This was the second time for them to be arrested for bad conduct. After their trial the Chief gave two to us, as their mothers wished this, and the Priest took charge of the other one. When the poor broken-hearted mothers met us there they said, 'Here are the Salvationists. Oh, will you take my girl and do her good?' They were German women. The Police told me that there were from ten to fifteen young girls that they do not know what to do with; they do not want to send them to the reform school. Our Home is crowded out; I have stretchers in the hall, and five sleep there and oh, I have had to turn so many away!

Mrs. Southall and all the League members are coming up to-morrow evening to give the girls a treat with music, and they are to bring cake. So we will have a cheer-up."—Adj. Langtry.

YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Have you spoken words of comfort to the weary and distressed?
Have you hastened to the rescue of the tempted and oppressed?
Have you fed a hungry brother sorely pressed by poverty?
If you have—then Jesus says it: "Ye have done it unto Me!"

Have you given to the thirsty that with which to quench his thirst?
Have you taken in the stranger oft perhaps by others cursed?
Have you helped to clothe the naked?
Have you gone the sick to see?
Christ, the Saviour, then will say it: "Ye have done it unto Me!"

Have you visited the prison, where confined in gloomy cell
Sits a helpless, sentenced brother soon to bid the world farewell?
Have you loved him, really loved him, as a brother fervently,
Then, my brother, listen, listen, "Ye have done it unto Me!"

Oh, away with form and fashion, pride and every sinful thing,
Let us seek Love's pure Gospel to the sons of men to bring:
Let us seek to raise the wretched, where-soever they may be,
Then we'll hear the Saviour saying: "Ye have done it unto Me!"



The Friend of Children.

THE CHILD OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

There's a child outside the door;
Let him in!
He may never pass it more,
Let him in!
Let a little wandering waif
Find a shelter, sweet and safe,
In the love and light of home,
Let him come!

There's a cry along your street
Day by day!
There's a sound of little feet
Gone astray!
Open wide your guarded gate
For the little ones that wait,
Till a voice of love from home
Bids them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet
Calls to-day;
"Will you let these little feet
Stray away?
Let the lambs be homeward led,
And you then will have it said,
'You have done it faithfully
Unto Me.'"

We shall stand some solemn day
At His door,
Shall we hear the Master say,
O'er and o'er,
'Let the children all come in
From a world of pain and sin;
Open wide the doors of home—
Children, come!'

—Selected.

AS OTHERS SEE US.



Mayor's Office,
Hamilton, Ont.
Nov. 10th, 1900.

I am very pleased to add my testimony to that of Mr. McInerney, Relief Officer, in support of the grand work your Institution is accomplishing in this city. I can heartily commend your efforts to the good people of our nation, who are interested in charitable works of the city, and I trust you may succeed in getting active and material sympathy in support of your efforts.

H. C. C. C.
Mayor.

Police Department,
City of Spokane, Wash.
Oct. 12th, 1900.

Having had opportunity for the past year to observe the work you are doing in the Salvation Army Home, I am pleased to say that your work is a noble one, and you should receive the kindest consideration as well as the moral and financial support of the good people of our city, who are interested in the upbuilding of the unfortunate.

W. W. W. W.
Chief Police.

Winnipeg, Man.,
Oct. 19th, 1900.

It affords me great pleasure to give my testimony in behalf of the grand, good work being accomplished by your Rescue Home in this city.

I have been attending physician for a number of years, and may say that I know that very many girls have been helped who are now living happy, useful lives. Your work commands my sincerest commendation, and I hope that your good efforts in our city may be continued.

Chas. C. C. C.

Relief Office, City Hall,
Hamilton, Ont.
Nov. 16th, 1900.

It affords me great pleasure to testify to the good work you are carrying on in this city in reclaiming fallen and destitute women. As Relief Officer, I am in a position to know that your Rescue Home has been the means of saving many a woman, and again giving her a good start in the battle of life.

I also wish to thank you for the kindness and courtesy I have always experienced at your hands. Working together, we do so, on practically the same lines, it has invariably been a pleasure to me to have your unfailing assistance.

J. H. H. H.
Relief Officer.

Canada Congregational Missionary Society
Ottawa, Ont.
Oct. 12th, 1900.

It is my privilege to bear testimony to the Christ-like work of the Salvation Army in this city, along the lines of rescue among the poor unfortunate girls who need a shelter in the Home. I know of no more worthy of the generous support of all who love their neighbor; for they who truly love mankind are they who truly love God.

M. M. M. M.

Mayor's Office,
Winnipeg, Man.,
Oct. 10th, 1900.

It is with much pleasure to me that I write you this letter, in reference to the good work your Home is doing in this city. I can say, to commence with, that I never had the pleasure of visiting your Home until lately, though it has been no stranger to me, having been before me every year, since I have been a member of the City Council, from which it has an annual grant. This grant is never allowed until the need of it has been fully discussed; in that way I have been made familiar with your work, and I can assure you that, in the opinion of the City Council, the grant as allowed is well deserved. Although your Home has been brought before us, I had no conception of the amount of good work that you were doing in this community, until I visited you.

H. H. H. H.
Mayor.

Having taken various opportunities to inquire into the work which Miss T. D. Ogilvie is doing, as Matron of the Salvation Army Liberty Home, I desire to say that it gives me great



10th Dec., 1900.

The Salvation Army Rescue Home in this city has proved a blessing to many wayward and unfortunate women who have sought shelter beneath its roof, where they have been protected from the snares and pitfalls into which they would most assuredly have fallen. Some seventy or eighty of these unfortunate, many of whom are making sincere efforts to reform and to lead better lives, have been housed during the year. The officers of the Institution are worthy of all praise in their labor of love in caring for and surrounding with a moral and religious influence these whose spiritual welfare they so much desire to promote.

A. A. A. A.
Chief Constable.

I have always been grateful to be able to contribute a small monthly

Spokane, Wash.,
Oct. 16th, 1900.

I have been County Physician in this city for twenty-six months, and, in consequence, come into the most intimate contact with the Salvation Army Rescue Home.

It would be impossible for me to speak too highly of the honest, Christian work of the Army, of the many poor girls who have been rescued from destruction, of the good moral atmosphere of the Home, of the care taken of the poor mothers and their babies, of its absolute non-discrimination against anyone on account of their race or religion, and the good influence over the girls rescued, for, so far as I can observe, about all of them are now living good lives.

P. P. P. P.

Health Department,
Spokane, Wash.,
Oct. 15th, 1900.

It gives me pleasure to testify to the good work done in this city by the "Liberty Rescue Home," under the management of the Salvation Army. I have personally been in professional attendance there, and can speak advisedly of the charitable, Christian work accomplished. It is a worthy cause and well managed.

C. C. C. C.

Ottawa, Oct. 12th, 1900.

After the disastrous fire in Ottawa and Hull, I had occasion to see a good deal of the Salvation Army, and especially their work in connection with the Home for fallen women that was burnt.

I was much impressed with the self-denial exercised by their officers, and the earnest Christian work they were doing.

My connection with them, as a member of the Relief Committee, was most satisfactory, and convinced me they were solely actuated by the desire to do good and relieve suffering.

M. M. M. M.

Geological Survey of Canada,
Ottawa, Oct. 4th, 1900.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellent work you are doing in our midst, for Christ and the Church, as well as for the fortunate ones of the "unfortunate" who come under your influence and care.

H. H. H. H.

Hamilton, Ont.,
Nov. 20th, 1900.

I have been medical adviser to the Salvation Army Rescue Home in Hamilton since its establishment, and feel satisfied that it is doing a good work. It not only provides a Home for destitute women and girls, but is, in the best sense of the word, a refuge for those who have violated moral and civil laws.

F. F. F. F.

London, Ont.,
Oct. 17th, 1900.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellent work done by the Salvation Army Rescue Home during the last seven or eight years. I have had an opportunity to observe the work while in attendance on the inmates. I wish I could express my knowledge, in these few lines, of the good work done among the fallen girls who have no one to lend them a helping hand. The officers take an interest in the character of the girls, and give them good advice and Christian teaching, which cannot help but improve their moral nature.

I cannot speak too highly of your efforts.

G. G. G. G.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

November 13th, 1900.

MISS BOOTH,
Commissioner, Salvation Army,
Toronto.



I have much pleasure in expressing my interest in the effort which is being made by the Salvation Army to find employment for prisoners on the expiration of their sentences, and to be of service to them otherwise, according to their needs.

I believe that it is only a year or two since the scheme was actively taken up by the Salvation Army, but that good has already resulted from it, and that much more can and will be done should reasonable support be obtained outside of their own resources.

Your work in the matter has my hearty sympathy, and I hope it will commend itself to the favor of the public.

Yours truly,

O. O. O. O.

pleasure to speak words of commendation in her behalf; and I ask the people among whom she may present the results of her work, to give her the kindest consideration and patient attention in her efforts to help those who need her assistance.

J. J. J. J.
Mayor of Toronto

Sheriff's Office,
County of Middlesex,
London, Ont.
Oct. 13th, 1900.

I have had many opportunities during the past six years of observing the methods, as well as the spirit underlying the Rescue Work carried on, and both have excited my admiration and appreciation of the selflessness of purpose and devotion to this work in the past of those in charge. Their self-sacrifice for the common good is a credit to our humanity, all the more to be approved in these days of strife, turmoil, and self-seeking.

D. D. D. D.

payment to aid the Salvation Army Rescue Home.

I find that this institution is doing very much good; in fact, does good which society refuses to interfere entirely, and since sinning and erasing is human, fallen women ought to have some means of being able to redeem themselves, and I find that to this end the work of the Rescue Home is chiefly directed, and ought to receive the support of all charitable people.

J. J. J. J.
Councillman.

Law Office of
Heyburn, Heyburn & Doherty,
Spokane, Wash.

I take pleasure in hearing testimony to the excellency of the Rescue Work carried on by the Salvation Army in Spokane. I have no greater pleasure than that I find in contributing regularly to the work being done, and I am always pleased to have its representatives come to my office.

E. E. E. E.



ON TWO SIDES OF THE PRISON WALL.

I. Inside the Prison.

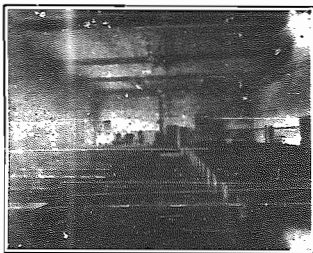


Visit the Central Prison, Toronto, and observantly inspect its cells and factories, note its systematic management, and the various classes of men incarcerated, is an education in itself. Taking into consideration the penal nature of the Institution, one must admit that Dr. Gilmour, the Warden, most ably and thoroughly discharges his great responsibilities. The immense pile of buildings is kept clean inside and out. The food, while necessarily frugal, is wholesome, and one receives the impression that a clean healthy atmosphere prevails in more than one sense. Not only is the physical health of the prisoners fully considered, but the bracing discipline to men often unused to restriction and much self-control, and the moral influence of the excellent staff of Warden Gilmour, show their effects upon the inmates of the prison.

Employment must undoubtedly be a great blessing to the prisoner. While the mind and muscle are occupied with work, thoughts of evil and remorse are held at bay, at any rate until evening, when the four hundred men march to the two immense wings of cells—each inmate is isolated and shut in in the twinkling of an eye, almost, by the moving of one great lever. Then, I should imagine, to all but the hardened in crime, sorrow, remorse, anguish, the depressing sense of imprisonment, rebellious raging or defiant despair will prey on the prisoner—according to the man's character—except he has found, in the hour of his humiliation and extremity, the Friend and Saviour of sinners.

For some time now, our work in connection with the Central Prison, by the courtesy of the Warden, has been increasing so much that it takes up the entire attention of Staff-Captain Archibald. This will be readily understood when we say that he made 678 visits to the Jail and Prison during the year: interviewed 478 men, praying with 316 of that number, and met 634 men at their discharge from prison.

We first have the privilege of interviewing a man at any time there is a satisfactory cause for so doing. Then we personally deal with each man on Sundays and holidays in his cell, which is the best opportunity to get at a man's heart, to melt him, and bring to hear on his conscience the convictions of the Holy Spirit, which often result in salvation. We are pleased to be able to state that many genuine cases of conversion have taken place in this way.



Chapel, Central Prison, Toronto.

Then there is the opportunity to speak to the men congregationally in meetings on certain week-nights and occasionally in one of the Sunday services which are arranged by the Ministerial Association.

Having once noticed a desire in a prisoner to reform or get converted, we never lose track of him.

The following lines were sent to the Editor by an inmate of the Central Prison as an expression of the feelings of many prisoners toward the Salvation Army.

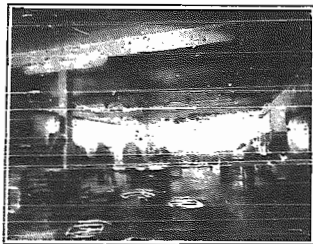
Voices from Within.

"The reason why the Salvation Army is held in such high favor by the men in the Central

Prison is because they are ever ready and willing to render a helping hand to the down-trodden and unfortunate. No matter how vile, degraded or wicked a prisoner is, or has been, the Army always holds out to him every assistance to lead him on to new life.

It is now over a year since the Army commenced to work in our midst, and the extraordinary number of genuine conversions that have taken place within the Prison walls clearly prove that your efforts have not been in vain. When the Army first commenced its glorious work amongst us it was an occasional practice for one prisoner to ridicule another when the latter was seeking Christ. Now those things are forgotten and the prisoners pay very little attention to belittling criticism.

One of the most noteworthy incidents in connection with the work is the large number of conversions of men who were thought to be hardened criminals. It may surprise your readers to learn that a large number of our prisoners have rarely, if ever, been inside a church before



Wood-workers' Shop, Central Prison, Toronto.

their committal to the Central Prison. Since their incarceration many of them have rarely missed a meeting, and their religious feelings at all times seemed to be deep, solemn and intense. The way of salvation has been clearly set forth indeed.

Some readers seem to have an erroneous idea about the prisoners. It is only a short time ago that some visitors when going through the Prison, and noticing some prisoners at work said, "Why, they look just like other men!"

The Salvation Army is certainly doing a noble work to help both sinned against and sinning. The names of Staff-Captain Archibald, Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, and many others are like household words to nearly all the prisoners. The Staff-Captain not only conducts many of the Saturday and Monday night prayer-meetings, but he also makes it his duty to deal personally with the prisoners in their cells. One of the special features of the evening meetings is the large number attending them, when various phases of the Christian life are unfolded to the wrapt attention of the listeners. The Staff-Captain and other officials of the Army have frequently given excellent advice to those who have professed conversion, advising them when liberated to join themselves to some church and interest themselves in its work, never forgetting private prayer and the daily study of their Bible.

It is encouraging to find that the work of the Army has the sympathy and co-operation of the officials of the Prison. There is abundant reason to hope that steadily, but surely, the influence of the Divine Word is spreading in this Prison.

The most noteworthy incident in connection with the work of the Army is one that has recently come under my notice. Not in one single instance in the past twelve months has a prisoner, who has professed conversion, been returned to prison. Such a magnificent result for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind has seldom been accomplished within the prison walls.

Not long since I heard of a case of heart-breaking misery. A mother and children were living in one room, bare of necessities. The father had been sent to prison for six months. Three children sat silent, patient and hungry from morning till night, unable to attend school for want of clothing. "They can't hold out for the winter," said the man, who would have been an excellent husband and father had he not been addicted to the drink. The Salvation Army came to his rescue and helped him,

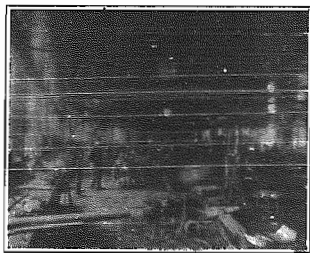
his wife and family. He was encouraged and helped in every way, and at the close of a meeting, at which he was present, he bravely avowed his determination to become a faithful soldier of Christ. He kept his word. Shortly afterwards he was employed by a well-known firm. Now he and his wife are rejoicing not only over a happy home, but in the peace of God which passeth understanding."

II. Outside the Prison.

Each man desirous to be helped is met at his discharge at the prison gate, and if without friends or means, is temporarily supplied with food and lodgings in our Shelters, or at our Industrial Farm.

If the man wishes to return to his friends we generally inform the officer in charge of the nearest corps, who takes a kindly interest in welcoming him, and looking after him. In many cases we have already secured him a situation, and in our efforts are readily aided by employers all over Ontario. Of course, we are very careful in our recommendation. On the whole only twelve and a half per cent of the men helped have proved unsatisfactory, which is certainly a very gratifying result.

We are particular to keep in touch with the men helped into situations, in order to aid them spiritually, and help them over the first strong temptations that come in their way. If they once conquer the appetite for intoxicants, the battle is, as a rule, won. For this reason, a clear start, with a sound conversion or a change of heart, is everything, and therefore, that is our ultimate aim with every man we aid. We believe that human resolutions are deceptive, but



Machine Shop, Central Prison, Toronto.

that nothing is impossible to the man who relies on Divine grace.

A few of many letters sent by former inmates, in their unpolished, brief sincerity, will speak most eloquently of what has been done in that direction.

Going to be a Salvationist.

W—, Feb. 17th, 1901.

"I am sorry that I did not have the privilege of seeing you before leaving Toronto as we had agreed, but I thought I had better go on as soon as I could get away, as I was not certain about the time that the train left. I thought that there might be sickness at home, so went right on. I found, when I got home, that the children were down with measles. I was very glad to get home. I am going to be a Salvationist, and do the best I can to redeem the past life, by the help of God. I thank you for all the kind words of counsel, cheer, and encouragement which you gave me. I am sure I shall never forget you for it."

Broke Wife to Asylum and Children to Orphanage

Ottawa, March 2nd, 1901.

"I am happy to be able to say a few words for my dear Lord and what He has done for me. I was a terrible sinner, but He has washed my sins away; glory to His name. Through drink and sin I drove my poor wife to the Asylum, and my three children to the Orphan's Home, and myself to prison for twelve long months. But still, I thank God that I was sent there, for it was there that I found my dear Saviour. Oh, if I had only found Him many years before what

a blessing it would have been for myself and family. Thanks be to God for what He has done. He has made my wife well again, and blessed and spared my children, and myself, to be together again. God bless the Salvation Army, who brought me to the Cross of Jesus."

Could Not Pass a Saloon.

Toronto, March 11th, 1901.

"I would like to say a few words. I am glad to say that I am still on the Lord's side. I am glad also that I ever came in contact with the Salvation Army. God is keeping me in the right path; He keeps me from drinking. There was a time when I could not pass a saloon without taking a drink if I had the money to get one, and if I did not have the money I would sell the clothes off my back, but this desire for strong drink has been taken away; blessed be His name.

"Just as I am without one plea": That is the way I came, and the Lord accepted me. If ever a man needed a Saviour it was myself. How many times I have thought of the prayers of my dear mother. Perhaps some of you have Christian parents that are praying for their wayward boy or girl. Let them not grieve any longer, but make their hearts glad by telling them that you have given yours to their God. You will not only make them happy, but there will be great rejoicing amongst the angels in Heaven.

Going to Work Honestly.

Waterford, March 8th, 1901.

"I arrived home some time ago and found my folks all well. I am very happy, trusting in my Saviour, and am going to try and do right and do His will. I thank you very much for your kindness to me while in Toronto, and hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again in the future.

I am hired to a farmer in this neighborhood, and expect to begin work some time next month. My wages are to be five dollars a month.

Toronto, March 11th, 1901.

"I feel it a great privilege to write a few lines in regard to the Salvation Army and what it has done for me. I must thank you for a Christian home, for you pointed out the way to God. I am only sorry that I did not meet Him years ago.—A. P.

I—, Feb. 19th, 1901.

"I have neglected to write to you and I know you are anxious to hear from me.

I am starting up a general repair shop, and expect to do well. I have been sick but am able to walk again. I hope this will find both you and all my former friends well, and hope you are prospering in your work amongst them. Yours truly, X.

March 10th, 1901.

"... You remembered me when you were kind enough to find me temporary employment last Spring and part of the Summer; I am now doing well and am constantly employed, but expect soon to go to the Southern States.

With kind regards and many thanks for past favors. I am, Yours very truly, John.

London League of Mercy Notes.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

THE self-sacrifice which is involved on the part of the sisters of the League in following up their Christ-like work, is little known. Most of them are married women with families, but many of them rise at an early hour to get their own work done, anxious that as much of the precious time as possible shall be devoted to ministering to the needs, and soothing the sorrows of, the poor, suffering inmates of various institutions. Many a little dainty, made by their loving hands, also is distributed; they forget their own weariness in loving toil.

Surely to these ministering ones comes the Divine commission, as it came to the world's greatest apostle, 'Unto whom now I send thee;

soul's vision, and as warm, loving hands of the League Sisters and Brothers were extended to each lonely one, ere they went slowly down the stairs to their respective cells, we felt instinctively the determination to turn from their sins and do the right, in the grip that was returned from the hand of our brother-man.

"Sing that piece: 'Life's morn will soon be waning, and its evening bells will toll,'" asked one of the officials, and we could but hope, as the words floated in through the barred doors, that they might cause some of the recollections of the meeting to follow up the sinner until they should yield to our Conquering King.

In visiting the Aged People's Home, one of our Sisters came across an old gentleman.

"Shall I pray with you?" she asked kindly.

"If you like," he said, rather ungraciously, as though he wished she would not, every time she went. She kept on praying until at last the desire for prayer came to his own heart, and he would ask her to pray for him. He is now converted and trusting in Jesus. Faithful sowing always insures a harvest.

One day, while distributing War Cry, this sister noticed one man watching her very anxiously. She went over and asked him if he would like one. "Oh, yes," he said, "if I only had the money." "But they have been bought and sent here by those who love the poor and needy, and will cost you nothing." The grateful tears welled up in his eyes as he accepted the offered gift.

"I want you to accept this little handkerchief to remember mother by," said a sorrowing daughter to us the other day, whose aged mother had just passed away to be with Jesus, from a bed of suffering. On opening the envelope, we found it was the little gift which we had sent her on Christmas; it had been kept among her little treasures near by, where the worn fingers had smoothed it out frequently. We praised God for the memory of the last talk we had had by her bedside.

"I am not afraid, it will be alright whenever the Lord shall see fit to call me," she had said, and we felt the sting of death, for her, was gone.

*"O earth so full of dreary noises!
O men with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the waiters heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep."*

One sister overheard one poor sufferer remark, "If hell is worse than these burns, I do not want to go there." "You are on the way there now," replied God's faithful witness.

"Your words have been ringing through my ears ever since," he remarked, the next time she visited him. We do pray that he may be led to find peace with God ere long.

"Ah, woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has strayed from honor's track,
'Tis Mercy only can beguile
By gentle ways the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Washed by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away."—Moore.

Central Prison of Ontario.

J. T. GILMOUR,
WARDEN.

TORONTO, Nov. 12th, 1900.

MY DEAR COMMISSIONER:

During the past year the Central Prison has practically been open to the Salvation Army. The Institution and its inmates have received great assistance and benefit from the Army's work. The services conducted by the Salvationists are most acceptable to the men.

The practical work accomplished by the Army in securing employment for prisoners on their discharge has been eminently successful, and as the day a man is discharged from prison is the most critical in his history, we can hardly appreciate the value of effort along this line.

Permit me to gratefully acknowledge my personal indebtedness for the invaluable assistance and many kindnesses received from yourself and those serving under you.

Yours faithfully,

J. T. Gilmour

Warden.

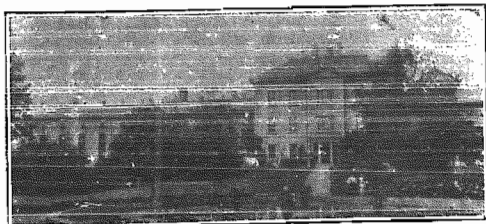
FIELD COMMISSIONER BOOTH,
TORONTO.

—to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

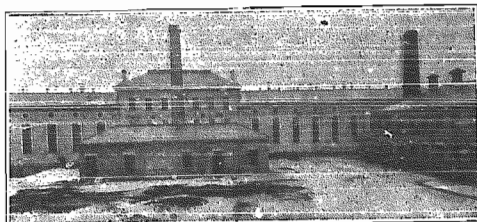
At a recent meeting in the Jail the Holy Spirit spoke in power while two of the sisters sang those beautiful words:—

*"Father, I have wandered from Thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Grievous do my sins seem to me—
Water cannot wash them away."*

Conviction grew deeper; some of the poor souls were seized upon by the pangs of "the memories of the deeds gone by." Then Jesus in all His beauty and love was brought before their



Front View of the Central Prison, Toronto.



Courtyard of the Central Prison, Toronto.



THE HOMELESS

TALES OF THE KLONDIKE.



O some it may appear that relief work in the Klondike might be superfluous, and imagination might lead one to suppose that a land noted for the abundance of its wealth could boast of each and everyone having plenty, and poverty and pauperism being calamities unknown.

By the way of explanation, it might be said that the very possibilities which the country offers to become rich, if they do not happen to come into the way of the miner to enable him to grasp them, have the power to make him equally poor, so that when he finds himself penniless in that frozen clime, his is truly a case, rare and simple, of sheer desperation.

Our Pioneer Contingent in the early winter of '98 soon proved the above to be too true. Their barracks had just been completed when they were sought out by at least

HALF A DOZEN STARVING MEN—

men who had been used to every luxury on the outside, but whose ambitions and greed for gold had led them into a veritable wilderness to seek for wealth, and having failed through one cause or another, like the prodigal of old "began to be in want." These men were accommodated in the officers' quarters, who shared their small store of food with them. But the need was so appalling as to make them at once put forth strenuous efforts to complete a Shelter, which they had started late in the Fall. On Christmas Day, '98, it was formally opened with a free dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding, to

300 OF THE MOST HUNGRY

and grateful men that it is possible to imagine. The people of Dawson rallied to the Army's assistance as the organization which, in their estimation, was the best fitted to cope with the existing poverty. It was through them that the American Relief Committee subsidized the poor.

From the opening of the Shelter to the present, it is only possible, in the space allotted, to describe the following cases:—

Mr. A—was the first who appeared to the Army for help. He walked to the barracks, then stood shivering by the stove. His sad tale was like many in that Arctic clime. He and his partner had located a claim some months previously, had worked until their scanty supply of food had become exhausted, the last few weeks existing on flour and water and oatmeal, notwithstanding the thermometer being as low as forty and fifty degrees below zero at that time of the year. In his desperation he had made his way to the city, having had to cover a distance of some

FIFTY MILES WITHOUT FOOD.

On his arrival in the city he had appealed to at least seventy stores and houses for help, which were unable to assist him at that time owing to the superabundance of labor in the market. In his extremity, due to the kindly suggestion of the last party asked, he sought out the Salvation Army, was provided with food and work, placed on his feet, and his gratefulness afterwards knew no bounds.

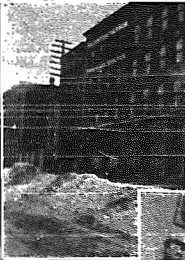
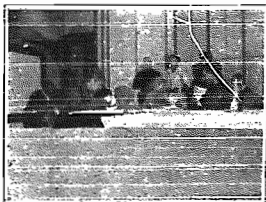
No. 2.—So cold was it outdoors one Sunday last winter that the streets had well nigh been deserted as the little band of Salvationists had taken their regular Sunday afternoon march. It was but three in the afternoon, but even at this hour it was quite dusk. The march had returned, and the meeting was in full swing. One after another stood up to witness to the power of God; in the midst of the testimonies the meeting was suddenly interrupted by a man stumbling into the meeting and crying, "Is this the Salvation Army?"

CAN YOU DO ANYTHING FOR ME?"

He was quieted by a couple of the soldiers, and after the meeting taken to the Shelter. To begin with, his exterior was cleansed; then he was given some hot coffee and food and put to bed. Next morning before the officers became aware of it, he had escaped; the cravings of strong drink had so taken possession of him as to be uncontrollable. It was some three days before he returned, and then he was a sight to behold. His face was all blood and terrible gashes. He was again taken in and looked after. When he was strong enough, work was given to him to do, and some two weeks from the time he entered the Shelter he gave his heart to God and was blessedly saved, as was afterwards proved by his devoted, beautiful, and grateful life. He was found a permanent situation, and fully reformed, although he had not drawn a sober breath since arriving in Dawson, some three months previous.

Thus did God bless our Klondike Social work. In closing, it might be well to state that from November 3rd, 1899, to February 23rd, 1900, five hundred and eighty days' work was supplied, or an average weekly of thirty men employed. During this period the value of the work, and

wood sold, amounted to \$4,521.75, or weekly of \$269.95; this yielded wages to the poor, of about one quarter of these amounts.



THE HALIFAX "HARBOR."

Dining Room.

Exterior.

Three Men in the Wind.

Reading Room.

They were paid at market prices; food supplied at cost, and in this way were set on their feet; then with the assistance of our Free Labor Bureau, permanent employment was obtained.

QUEBEC SHELTER.

The City of Quebec possesses, in connection with our corps, a Men's Shelter, which, although not as spacious an accommodation as most of our Institutions of that nature, yet accomplishes a very gratifying work. During last year, 9838 meals and 3243 beds were supplied. The men paid \$1,041.33 for beds and meals received, while about \$450.00 were given in donations towards its maintenance by the citizens.

The officer in charge has furnished us with a few personal incidents, which may prove of interest to our readers:—

Finding Himself.

J. B. came to us in a most pitiable condition; he was under the influence of drink, and had scarcely sufficient clothing to appear anything like half-decent.

Looking into the man's face, there seemed something in him worth encouraging. We gave him a bed and a meal or two, and had a personal talk, pointing out the course of intoxication.

ing drink. He succeeded in getting a job, paid his way at the Shelter, bought a suit of clothes, and saved enough to take him back to his friends. He always seemed grateful to us for any small act of kindness.

When wishing us good-bye he said, "I shall never forget the Salvation Army. You people have been so good to me in helping me to break away from the drink. God bless you."

Improving.

G. S. came to the Shelter under the influence of drink. He had been a slave to the appetite for thirty years, his system being so completely run down that I found that it was impossible for the man to do anything like hard work.

After being here a few weeks, it occurred to me that we could give him some odd jobs, so that he might be able to earn his board and lodging.

He has been with us some two or three months on these terms; during that time he has kept away from the drink, and I might say that he gives every evidence of a strong desire to completely reform.

His First Sober Christmas.

J. C., after spending some ten months in the Institution, speaks well of it. He has spent something like seventy five years on this earth, and, in his own words, they have been evil.

On Christmas day I gave a free dinner to the men staying with us. Turning to J. B., I said, "Well, how are you enjoying this?" He responded, "Good, Captain, this is good. Quite a change from last Christmas day when I was boarding at a private boarding-house. The Boss brought out beer and treated us, and I had my fill-up."

I asked J. C. if it satisfied him. "No, Captain, it gave me a very sick head."

On New Year's Day I was speaking with him again, when he informed me that the Christmas Day just passed and the present New Year's Day were the first that he had spent sober since starting to drink. He gives a lot of credit to the example before him here. Repeatedly I have heard him warn the younger men against the sin of intemperance. May God keep him sober.

THE HALIFAX "HARBOR."

Our Men's Shelter in Halifax has rightly been named "The Harbor," for many a sinking wreck of humanity has found refuge, and at least a passing home, within its walls. Some conception of the work done in this Institution can be formed by the figures, which show that during 1900, 31,287 cheap meals and 11,877 beds were supplied.

The officers conduct meetings in connection with the Shelter every Sunday, generally in the sitting-room. Of course it is difficult to definitely state what spiritual and moral good is done in this way, seeing that our Shelter patrons are of a transient nature, and very few stay long enough for us to get to know them. But there is no doubt that an impression is made, and in a number of cases a lasting one, which leads men to the road of recovery socially and spiritually. It is a remarkable fact that the men who attend these meetings pay the greatest respect and attention to everything that is said.

The Shelter is quite an imposing concern from the outside, and it has a nice-sized dining-room, and splendid reading-room.

Sometimes men come very much the worse for liquor, as will be seen by one of the illustrations on this page, but if they show no disposition to become obnoxious, we take them in, and give them a special place apart from the rest.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

One of the most complete, if not the model, Shelter, is our Vancouver "Anchor." The building when we rented it was rather suited for our purpose, for it required not a great deal of alterations, although considerable cleaning up. In connection with it is an excellent wood-yard,

which, by the good patronage of the Vancouver citizens, has been enabled to give employment to over 800 men during the year. The "Anchor" has had an excellent record, not only in the sheltering of the poorest kind, but also of a better grade of men.

An entire flat is separate, fitted up with private rooms. This is a great boon to the young men, who form a large percentage of the western population. These rooms are rented at the rate of \$1.00 and \$1.25 per week. They are kept in excellent condition, and entitle the lodger to the free use of hot and cold baths. The dormitory with the cheap beds has an accommodation for forty men, and is kept scrupulously clean.

The Labor Bureau in connection with this Institution is an excellent assistance to strangers seeking employment. Nearly fifteen thousand beds were supplied altogether during the year. The increased demand obliged us to convert the dining-room into dormitories also, and meals required have been supplied by contract with a neighboring restaurant. These meals numbered 65,000 during the year. Over 800 men have been helped through the wood-yard.

As many as possible are personally dealt with about their spiritual welfare. A former man who lodged at the "Anchor" was a former commercial traveler, who commanded a first-class salary, but had come down on his luck. Many grateful acknowledgements of help received at the "Anchor" have reached us.

The city recognizes the Institution as one of no mean value, in keeping the deserving poor off the streets at night, and giving them temporary employment during the day. In recognition of the work, water rates and taxes chargeable against the Shelter property have been written off by the city authorities.

FROM THE ISLAND COLONY.

The Poor Man's Shelter at St. John's, Newfoundland, is still doing an excellent work in providing cheap meals and beds for the poor fishermen who came from all parts of the Island, and other countries, as well as the poor who live in the city.

There is sleeping accommodation for forty-five men, and sometimes all beds are taken up early. Many are the good testimonies that are left behind of the deep appreciation of how the fishermen look upon and respect this Institution. During the past twelve months,

16,786 meals were sold to people over the counter, 1,739 men earned their meals by labor provided for them, while

488 meals were given free. Total: 19,013 meals supplied during the year.

There were 6,331 beds paid for, 1,097 beds given in exchange for labor done, and 280 beds were given free, making a total of 7,708 beds supplied during the year.

Some of the city poor make the Shelter their home, and occasionally they get sick upon our

lands. At such times we inform their spiritual adviser, the Police authorities, and the doctor, and whatever attention the officers can give is given cheerfully.

The Government gives the Institution a yearly grant of \$100 to assist us in meeting our running expenses. It is needless for us to say that this grant goes a long way in making the Shelter a blessing to the poor and infirm.

THE SPOKANE "HAVEN."

A grand work has been done in the past year in this Institution. The beginning of the year we were \$1,000 in debt, but we have paid off

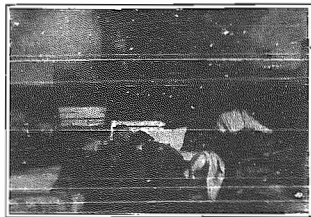
Spokane Wood Yard.



Reading Room, Spokane "Haven."

\$800.00 of this amount. That the people of Spokane are in hearty sympathy with our work, you can understand from the fact that about fifteen hundred dollars have been contributed toward the fitting out and support of the Shelter during one year. One of the most interesting features of our work in Spokane is the distribution of the school-children's collections among the poor families. Some explanation about this might be of interest to the public. All the thirteen public schools in the city take up collections for the poor at Christmas time; each child is supposed to bring to the school as many apples or potatoes as they are years old. They do not confine them to the number, as often they bring a sack of apples or potatoes, or flour. In this way a great amount of provisions is gathered. In previous years the collections were given to several Charitable Institutions in the city, but two years ago the Superintendent of schools thought the Army should distribute some, seeing they were much in touch with the poor. They decided to give us the donations of three schools out of the thirteen. They were so pleased with the way in which we distributed them that last year they gave us seven schools. We were enabled to assist a great many poor families, as the collections amounted to some 250 sacks of potatoes; 100 sacks of apples; 50 sacks of flour; 100 sacks of vegetables; 100 bundles of clothing; fifty pairs of shoes; toys, candies, and sundry other articles.

A free dinner was given to the poor on Christmas, and about three hundred men, women and



In the Bunk Room.

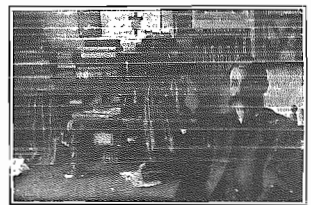
children were fed, also a good number of families were assisted who were not able to come to the dinner. We have assisted a good number of strangers coming into the city. One family who left their home in Missouri, and started to drive overland, in the old way in which the early pioneers did, some 2,500 miles, had been on the way about a month when the cold weather set in, and not being able to drive, they sold their outfit, having just enough money to get to Spokane. They arrived Saturday night and slept in the depot that night. Sunday morning came and they had no place to go, and only money enough to buy a loaf of bread. There were the father, mother and eight children; a sad and pitiful sight, for they were rather poorly clad, and

they did not care about staying around the city where they would be seen, so they wandered around the outskirts of the city until night came on, and then they lay down to sleep on the ground. The mother, with a child about six months old, was lying upon the ground with a stone for a pillow; she had thrown a rag over the stone to make it softer. This was how the police found them about nine o'clock at night.

The officers from the Shelter were sent for, who took them home and made them warm drink and gave them a good bed. The next day we got a house for one month free of rent, and started out to collect some furniture, and by the next day we had the house all furnished and comfortable, with plenty of clothing for the children, and some \$10 worth of provisions. We found work for the father and two sons, and the last time we met them they were working and doing well, and have felt very grateful to the Army for caring for them in the hour of their need.

The wood-yard has been started permanently in the past year, and a good number of men have been assisted. Over three hundred have received beds and meals by this means. We have also found employment for 1,200 men in our Free Employment office for the year.

Meetings are held for the men, and a good work has been done for eternity. Quite a few have professed salvation, and we are sure that the Home has been a blessing to the poor of the city.



Adj. Dood, of the Spokane "Haven."



Ready to Deliver the Wood.



MERCY'S RECORD IN PRISON CELL AND HOSPITAL WARD.

BY BLANCHE READ.

"Of Jehovah's many attributes I think 'Mercy' the most beautiful."—Commissioner Eva Booth.

"I was sick and ye visited me—in prison and ye came unto Me."

*"The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means 'I cannot speak,
But I have heard!'
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy.
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!"*



THE gathering in Geneva which was held in 1864 for the purpose of considering how to ameliorate the condition of the sick and wounded in time of war, an arrangement was entered upon and unanimously agreed to by the Nations' Representatives, that the bearers of the white flag with its red cross emblazonment should be accorded protection on every field of war. The merciful work of bringing succor to those injured in defence of their country has by this Treaty been recognised and assisted.

I have sometimes thought there is a parallel in the work of the Army's League of Mercy. They go to the help of the wounded on life's battle-fields irrespective of color, creed or condition. They carry hope's sweet song to the desolate and despairing, mercy's blessed message to the degraded and sinful, and comforting balm to the broken-spirited and sorrowing.

In almost every public institution they have free entrance and a cordial welcome from officials, inmates, patients and prisoners. Into the hospital wards they step with gentle tread and pleasant smile, and their presence helps to brighten a few hours of the sufferer's dreary day, while the literature and flowers they carry to them from time to time are reminders of the interest of those who visit them.

Then, many an aged and infirm inmate of the numerous Old People's Refuges look with eager expectancy to the coming of the "Angels of Mercy," and the letters that are penned for feeble, trembling fingers and the tiny service performed bring back to the weary hearts the memory of happier days when they, perchance, were surrounded by a loving circle of friends.

Prison Work.

Then who can cite the victories achieved by "Mercy's band" in the cold corridors and within the narrow cells of our penal institutions?

Criminality is one phase of social life which is of great interest, and is receiving increasing notice and attention by philanthropists, socialists and reformers generally, as well as at the hand of the State. One great difficulty in the way of dealing with and helping this class, is the solving of the problem, what shall we do with them when they are discharged from prisons? This question is being dealt with by the Army in various ways according to the needs of local conditions. Our League of Mercy visit most of the County Jails as well as other prisons. Men have been converted through their efforts who have been sentenced to various terms in various Prisons and other Penal Institutions. The appended letters or extracts will serve to show how far-reaching the influence has been in this direction.

A Mother's Gratitude.

This is from a Western town in Ontario, where the League is in operation.

"Two have just gone to Kingston. I sent their names, and I wish you would try and see them. They have gone to the Penitentiary for six years. One is a fine young man, and I do not think he was guilty, but was merely made a dupe of by the others. I wrote a letter at their request to each of their mothers, who live in Rochester, N. Y., and I received a reply from Mrs. ——. She thanked us so much for what we had done for her son, and said we had been such a joy to her in her hour of sadness. What joy there is in cheering others!

The young man who was saved and then went to the Central Prison, returned on Saturday night, well saved and happy, and he went on the march, and took his place on the platform on Sunday night. His testimony was, 'Thank God that He ever sent the League of Mercy sisters to me when in jail. There behind the bars, I knelt and asked God to save me.' He is enrolled as a soldier. Do you not think we have cause to re-



League of Mercy, St. John's, M.B.

joice and be encouraged to go on? I think we have. There is another young man saved, and, he too, is doing well."

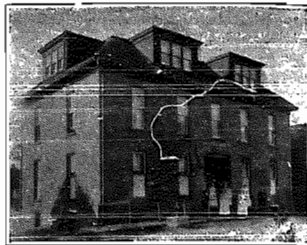
From the Penitentiary and Prison.

I am passing on, for the perusal of our readers, the extracts from some letters received by us from those who have been benefited by the League, and who are now striving to live Christian lives within the stone walls of Kingston Penitentiary. One says:

"Dear sister and friends:—Your ever kind letter arrived safely. I am so glad to hear from you. I am glad that you are all well and working for God and His Kingdom. I am well and am getting along well, both in body and soul. I thank you ever so much for that book and the War Cry you sent me. Please look and read Deut. xv., 10."

Another writes:

"Dear friend:—I take the pleasure to write a few lines to you. I received your ever kind letter, and was glad to hear from you. My health is some better, but my lungs are very weak yet.



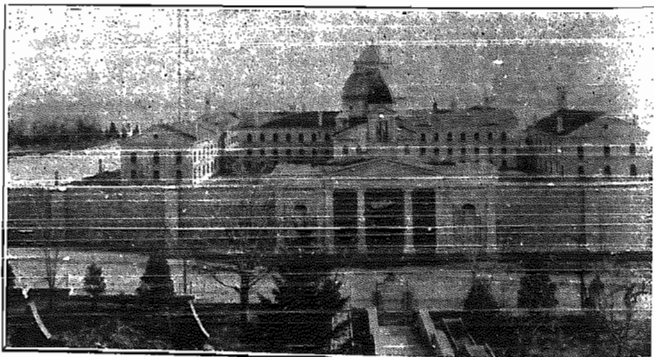
General Hospital, Huntsville, Ont.

This doctor is good to me. * * * We had the Salvation Army on Feb. 17th. One of the ladies asked our Chaplain if she could see me and he brought her to speak with me. She said she had a letter from Mrs. — about me. I had not much time to talk to her. I felt badly and broke right down. She said she would come and visit me before long. * * * I am getting on well in my soul. I will put my trust in Jesus Christ, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.' 'He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands,' Isa. xxv. 11. The text represents God as a strong swimmer striking out to push down iniquity and save the soul of man. I think this text is just like the Army, they are strong swimmers for God.

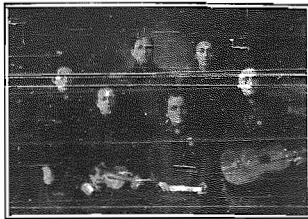
From the Central Prison, Toronto, to a League of Mercy worker, showing that under a prison garb often a warm heart beats:

"Now, you will forgive me for writing my feelings so plainly, but I felt so badly to see Jack get those five years, as if it had been my own brother, for I loved Jack, and I think poor old Jack loved me. Kindly give me his address as soon as you can. I can honestly say that I am beautifully saved and happy. I am prepared to meet my God, and ready to do His good will, although I feel my ignorance very keenly. Pray that God may so fill my soul with His Holy Spirit that I may be enabled to speak, as it were, with a new tongue. We had a most beautiful meeting last night. We had Mr. Hadley from old McAuley Mission on Water Street, New York, to speak to us, and a great number of men and women, and a few children of the Christian League and a good many more souls came out on the Lord's side. Praise God for that. We are getting together to fight against the devil, and with Jesus' help, we are bound to win."

It is impossible to write a report that will give any adequate idea of the work being accomplished by the League. Thousands of copies of our own literature and other literature are distributed every week. Hundreds of visits are made—right from the ice-bound gold-fields of Dawson to Newfoundland's rocky coasts. Therefore, the brief incidents and reports quoted here must be taken as simply typical or representative. Scores of similar, and equally interesting, ones might be given if space permitted.



Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont.



League of Mercy, St. John, N.B.

Kingston Doings.

Mrs. Stevenson, of Kingston, sends the following :

"The League of Mercy workers in Kingston are getting along nicely. Sergt. Mrs. Irvine and myself have been going to the hospital. We are having good times, God is blessing us in our work. The people love to see us come ; they say it cheers them up and they like us to read and pray with them. One man has been saved since we have been visiting the Hospital. He asked me to write to his parents and tell them of his conversion, which I gladly did. He also asked me for his bible ; I gave it to him, and I am glad to say that he reads it and finds it help him. They like to read the War Cry."

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Babcock sends the following :

"With a heart thankful to God, I write this report. I am glad to tell you as a little band of League of Mercy workers, we are getting on well in Kingston. We visit the General Hospital, the Jail, and House of Industry, every week, and the Penitentiary once every three months. We held a meeting in the Penitentiary yesterday. We had over three hundred men in the meeting, and I believe God made us a blessing to them. In the House of Industry, the Lord is saving souls. God bless our old people ! There is one old man who was saved when in the Hospital. He is now in the House of Industry and is getting on nicely in his spiritual experience. We have a meeting in the Jail every Sunday morning ; God blesses us while we try to be a blessing to them. There is one old man who believes God saves him, and he speaks and prays with us in our meetings."

Other Jail Meetings.

From the League of Mercy, Hamilton :

"The meeting at the Jail was beautiful. Many of the men were in tears, deeply convicted. Six out of thirteen held up their hands for prayer. Also we had a real spiritual time at the Refuge, where we are always gladly welcomed."

From Windsor, Ontario :

"We had a most blessed time at the Jail this last week, when two of our boys professed to get right with God. The work is becoming a great blessing to each one engaged in it, and we believe we will soon be able to do more."

A Youthful Convict and Convert.

Mrs. Kelly tells of a meeting in Fargo :

"One Sunday afternoon after holding services in the East wing of the Jail as usual, we went into the office and found there, with two or three other prisoners, a little boy eleven years old, who had been sentenced to the Reformatory. I talked to him a little after which we sang that song and chorus :

'Come, sinner to Jesus no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day ;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from
your dream,
Believe, and the light and the glory
shall stream."

For the conquering Saviour will break
every chain,
And give us the victory again and a-
gain."

After this, I talked to them about it, telling them how God would indeed break the chains of sin and sinful habits, and set them free. I gave them a little of my own experience, especial-

ly along the line of how God had saved me from speaking the angry words that I used to speak by taking the angry feelings out of my heart, so that I did not feel angry any more. Then we knelt and I prayed for them. All this time that I was talking and praying, the little boy was sobbing as if his heart would break. I took him by the hand and asked him if he would like to come to Jesus and ask Him to forgive him. He said he would, so we knelt down and we prayed for him, after which I asked him to pray for himself, which he did, and told the Lord that he was sorry for what he had done, and meant to do it no more, and asked Him to forgive him. After leaving the Jail we went to see his mother, and had a talk with her, and then I went to see the judge, and talked to him about placing the boy in a good family. This has been done, and I hear he is getting on nicely."

Hospital Visitation.

One incident will give our readers an idea of this branch of our League of Mercy. Sent by one of our faithful members :

"I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that the young man that we told you about, who was converted in the Hospital three months ago, has passed away. He died last Wednesday. He is the young man whom we have been pleading with for the last three years. We went to see him the night before he died ; we sang and prayed with him and he died very happy. A comrade and I went to his funeral, and the minister asked her to speak about his conversion. I am telling you this as I thought you would like to hear about it. I was thinking it would be nice if we could write a little about him and put it in the War Cry, as his is a very remarkable case. He told some of the patients he would have been lost if it had not been for the Salvation Army looking after him."

And so the blessed work goes on—the cups of cold water are given, the hopeless are given a ray of new light—the suffering are soothed—the mothers are comforted, and only when "every-one's work shall be tried" will the tale be told of the blessings brought, the darkness dispelled by those who "bear the Cross on their arm, and the Cross on their heart."

A Testimonial from St. John, N.B.

We, the Medical Staff of the Maternity Hospital, report that we have attended thirty-five (35) cases in the Hospital during the present year. These cases have progressed most favorably, and the patients have benefitted both morally and physically by the care bestowed upon them.

From time to time we are in receipt of encouraging reports of nearly all of them. The improved condition of these girls is the strongest possible appeal for more assistance in helping out this good cause.

As our work is Provincial in its scope, we feel that it would be only right that the Hospital should receive a Provincial grant each year.

Our nursing has been under the sole charge of Miss Hicks, a graduate nurse of the Iowa General Hospital. She has cared for both patients and children, and we cannot speak too highly of her constant and most effective assistance.

(Signed) T. D. Walker, M. D.
W. L. Ellis, M. D.
S. S. Skinner, M. D.



"And Mary watched them take down tenderly from the Cross the bruised body of Jesus."



THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING.

THE Enquiry Department of the Salvation Army has developed into a world-wide Institution, which, we can confidently assert, stands unequalled by anything of a similar nature. In the first place, the peculiar organization of the Salvation Army, always in touch with an International Headquarters, and through it with all parts of the world, makes it possible to send inquiries to any quarter of the globe. Its immense literature, published in numerous languages, reaches even further than the places where organized corps exist. For this reason the Army has been singularly successful in their search for missing friends and relatives.

The Enquiry Department in connection with the Toronto Headquarters received 192 inquiries during 1900, and through our efforts, no less than eighty-five cases were found. Each case received is taken up on its own merit. Sometimes the clue furnished is very meagre indeed. Each case is published in our War Cry, for which a small charge is made to cover expenses. People without means are not compelled to pay. In cases where the person is mentioned as having gone to other parts of the globe an inquiry is forwarded to such countries. Space will permit us to give only two cases. The correct names of course are withheld.

After Eighteen Years.

When Jim Graham had lost his wife, he decided to try his fortune in Canada. He left his two boys, aged three and five years respectively, with his mother in England. Through circumstances which are too lengthy to relate in detail, the boys and the father lost track of each other for about eighteen years.

One of the children, Dick, entered some Boys' Home in London, England, while Tom came to Canada, where he heard of the success which the Salvation Army Enquiry Department had in finding lost relatives. He wrote to our Headquarters, asking us to assist him in the search for his father. We took up the clue as best we could, and a few weeks afterwards we received a letter from an Ontario city, asking the address of the inquirer. The letter was written by the missing father, who had in the meantime married again. We sent full particulars to Tom, who was overjoyed at meeting his long-lost father. Our officer in charge of the local corps, doing his round of War Cry selling, happened to knock at the door just in time to see the meeting between father and son. We are now tracing Dick, the other brother, and hope that before long the different members of the long-separated family may be again re-united.

A Wayward Wife.

The case of Ellen Teller was of a very private nature, and required careful handling. Mrs. Teller was a misguided woman, who left her husband, and taking her little girl with her, sought refuge in a small out-of-the-way town, hoping that all trace of her would be lost. It was all the outcome of an unfortunate misunderstanding, and a few hasty words divided two hearts and lives.

In great distress the husband sought our advice. If we only could find her, he would do anything to bring about a reconciliation. We at once set to work, and were fortunate after a short time to trace her. One of our officers was despatched to interview her, and after considerable difficulty, approached the sore spot. The woman was deeply moved, and, seeing her wrong, wept and prayed on her knees. With her consent, the husband was at once informed, who quickly came to see her, and after complete reconciliation, brought her and his child back to his home.



The Second Crucifixion.

BY COLONEL JACOBS.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Galatians ii. 20.



THE epistle of Paul to the Galatians has sometimes been called the Magna Charta of the freedom of the Christian. In its spirit it is very tender; in its logic very severe; in its argument overwhelming.

The great error into which the Galatian Christians appear to have fallen was that they believed they could be sanctified wholly by works. They were trying to get rid of sin by legal means—that is, by keeping the old ceremonial laws; like many to-day who are trying to get sanctified by form or ceremonies. Have I not heard many say: "You are not following the Lord fully," because of the non-observance of some outward ceremony? The Apostle, once and forever, settles this point in the sixth chapter of Galatians, fifteenth verse: "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

His great desire plainly was that their self-life should be destroyed. He not only uses logic and argument to convince them of the necessity of this, but gives his own experience in these memorable words: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

In this text he implies that there is

A LIFE TO BE CRUCIFIED.

The crucifixion of Jesus on the Cross of Calvary was what He suffered for us. The crucifixion of self is what is done in us—the destruction of the self-life. Sometimes this life is called: "The body of sin," "the carnal mind," "inbred sin," "unrighteousness," "inward depravity," "the flesh."

In mentioning the last one some explanation is necessary. In nineteen cases out of twenty the word "flesh" in the Scriptures means "inbred sin." In speaking of inbred sin we mean that which David spoke of when he said: "I was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity,"—not the actual sins which the sinner commits (these in the Bible are called transgressions), but the disposition to sin, which the converted man finds left within him, in other words, the sin-principle. This principle is called in many cases in the Word of God *the flesh*, although there are other verses in the Scriptures where *the flesh* is mentioned where it does not mean "inbred sin," but the body, and our affections—these affections which God has given to each one of us—helping us to love one another, and which are right and proper in their place. For instance, in I.Tim.iii.16, we read "God was manifest in the flesh," which means flesh of the body.

Then again Acts ii. 31: "Neither did His flesh seek corruption." Here bodily flesh again is spoken of.

But in other verses of the Scripture the word flesh has a different meaning altogether. The Apostle Paul in writing to the Galatians, states, "The spirit lusteth against the flesh." This means the sin-principle which was in them, and synonymous with the body of sin—inbred sin—carnal mind—inward depravity. It is just the same truth about which Paul wrote to the Corinthians when he said: "Ye are carnal," and in the same epistle to the Galatians iv. 29, we find: "But as then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit, even so it is now." While this appears to mean the material flesh, in reading the previous verses you will find it means the "inward depravity."

Alas, everyone of us has found this sin-principle within us, but it is gloriously destroyed when it may be rooted out and utterly destroyed within us. So when Paul said: "I am crucified with Christ," I believe the Apostle meant the personality of sin; he did not simply mean our body, or any part of it, but the sinful personality within. Yet he declares: "Nevertheless I live," for Paul lives, although the self-life in him has been crucified:—"The life which I now live is by the faith of the Son of God."

CRUCIFIXION.

Crucifying self is not fashionable. Many other ways of improving self have been invented. To many it is not a nice method—it is agonizing, for crucifixion means death. You do not crucify to let live in agony. The carnal mind has to die out-and-out. As we look into our soul's experience, many of us find that we tried other means than having it killed. Perhaps we have tried to improve it. There is no possibility of getting sanctified by instalments; sin can be destroyed in your life by the power of the Holy Ghost at one stroke.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Here's a tree with extremely bad fruit. There are two ways to get rid of it:—One is to club the fruit, the other to destroy the tree, root and branch. Or, supposing a farmer sees a mustard weed growing in his field. He understands quite well if this one plant is allowed to go to seed, several hundred other weeds will spring up next year. How is he going to get rid of this one weed? To beat it down in the flower is better than to let it go to seed, but the best way is to pull it up by the root and burn it.

Take for example, the Drink Problem. If I talked about this question, and suggested means to restrict it, you would be most enthusiastic, but if, by the power of the Holy Ghost, every man and woman in the country had the desire for drink destroyed in their hearts, it would be the better way, for then every saloon would be forced to close. One is clubbing, and the other is doing away with it. So it is best to pass sentence on inbred sin and put it to death.

Self-life is shown in different ways. There is, first:

THE LIFE OF PRIDE.

Pride is a very bad thing. It is hindering you a great deal in your service for God. Because you take into account the opinions of the people, you have not been the whole-hearted, earnest worker you ought to be. You are too proud to be a Salvationist, or whatever God would have you be, too proud to be a son of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ.

The question is: How are you going to do

away with pride? By simply getting down on your knees and saying, "Help me to get the victory over it"? No, this is clubbing the fruit. You must come and place yourself on God's Altar, then the fire of the Holy Ghost will come into your soul and destroy everything that is unlike Him.

THEN THERE IS THE SOUR LIFE.

Some Christians are as sour as vinegar. We don't find them happy—but most unhappy. Instead of having a joyful experience, they are very sour, and remind me of the way my mother made her own vinegar when I was a little boy. She had a small plant in a bottle, which she filled with water, then sealed up; after a while it would turn into vinegar. This little plant at the bottom of the bottle seemed to sour the whole thing. And of course it grew larger every day.

There are many Christians who appear to have within them a vinegar plant. There seems to be only sourness about them, instead of a happy and glorious experience. Get the vinegar plant taken out—have it destroyed. This will be done: when you come to have the experience where Paul says, "I am crucified with Christ."

THERE IS THE HARD LIFE.

The question is often asked of us: "Why are some salvation meetings—certain prayer-meetings—so hard?" The answer is: "There are so many professing Christians whose hearts have been hardened by resisting God."

God may have shown you that in your heart and life there are things contrary to His will, and the Holy Spirit has the power to destroy them; if you have not allowed this to be done, there has come a hardness into your heart, which makes you a great hindrance to the success of God's work. It is His will to take away the stony heart, and to give you a heart of flesh.

THERE IS THE UNCLEAN LIFE.

By this we do not mean the outward uncleanness, but unclean thoughts. Where do these thoughts come from? Do they come from the outside? If so, resent them—do not accept them. But if they come from the inside, the cause of it is in the carnal mind, which should be crucified.

I have been surprised to find the number of persons who have unclean thoughts. Unclean thoughts do not only mean lustful thoughts—but unclean thoughts of any description. Suspicious thoughts, jealous thoughts, etc. How are we going to get rid of them? Don't club them. Let the carnal mind come to the crucifixion, and as you do so, they will die; then you will be in the position where you can say, "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."

I firmly believe, whilst it is not possible for us to be in such a position that the devil cannot present bad things to us, the Holy Spirit can so possess us, body, soul and spirit, as to destroy those bad thoughts which spring from the heart.

THERE IS THE NEW LIFE.

The one dies and the other lives. And what is this new life? The Apostle Paul calls it the life of faith.

In speaking of being free from sin there are some who do not understand it, but those who enjoy it understand it perfectly well. It simply means this: When the Holy Ghost comes into our hearts and destroys the principle of sin, we are free from sin—the Holy Ghost lives there.



The Procession Passing the House of Mary.



Mary's Return from Calvary.

EASTER ANTHEMS

LOVE I ASK FOR.

Band Journal 350.

By Brigadier W. H. Howard.



Boundless love beyond degree, Jesus had for me;
Gave to me salvation free bought on Calvary;
Now I long that all the world may have a joy like mine;
Saviour, give to me just now a love like Thine.

CHORUS.

Love I ask for, love I claim,
A loving love like Thine;
A love that feels for all the
world;
Saviour, give me a love like
Thine.

Oh, what wretchedness exists
in the world around,
Caused by sin in every form,
woe and pain abound;
Wanted—men and women who
will stop the dread decline;
Saviour, what we all want is a
love like Thine.

Now, my comrades, let us all
newly consecrate
To His service all our strength;
On His spirit wait;
Blessed Lord, oh, see our hearts
craving a love divine;
Saviour, now by faith we claim
a love like Thine.



THEY CRUCIFIED HIM

Suitable for parts singing.

Come, sinner, behold what Jesus
hath done,
Behold how He suffered for
thee;
They crucified Him God's inno-
cent Son;
Forgotten, Hedied, on the tree.

CHORUS.

They crucified Him, yes, they
crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree,
And so there He died, a King
crucified,
To save a poor sinner like me.

From Heaven He came, He
loved you, He died—
Such love as His never was
known;
Behold on the Cross, a King
crucified,
To make you an heir to His
throne.

So what will you do with Jesus
your King?
Say, how will you meet Him
at last?
What plea in the day of wrath
will you bring,
When offers of mercy are past?

JESUS CAME MY RANSOM TO BE.

Words by Brig. Rolfe.

Band Journal 345.
Music by Capt. Brainbridge.



Jesus came down my ransom to be,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
For out of the Father's heart He came,
To die for me on a cross of shame,

To set me free He took the
blame,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

CHORUS.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonder-
ful love,
Coming to me from Heaven
above,
Filling me, thrilling me through
and through,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision, the Cross
reveals
Beautiful actions of love;
And all that by grace e'en I may
be,
When saved to serve Christ
eternally;
He came, He died, for you and
me—
Oh, it is wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love
has a plea;
Oh, it is wonderful love!
Ungrateful was I, to slight Thy
call.
But, Lord, now I come, before
Thine fall,
I give myself, I give up all,
All for Thy wonderful love.



CONSECRATION.

By R. F. F.

Tunes—Guide me, O Thou great
Jehovah. (H. J. 121). Austria
(H. J. 143).

Saviour, on this Easter morn-
ing,
Draw us very near to Thee;
May we be Thy Holy Spirit,
Really consecrated by
Great Deliverer,
Set our longing spirits free.

May the Fire, from Her ven de-
scending,
Dress our hearts in gold refine;
All our hearts illuminating
With the beams of love divine;
Holy Spirit,
Graciously upon us shine.

Perfect love our hearts subdu-
ing,
Dead to selfishness and sin,
With our risen Lord rising,
Now the work of grace begin.
Hallelujah!
Thou canst cleanse and keep
us clean.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Band Journal 186.



"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens; tho' earth reply
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

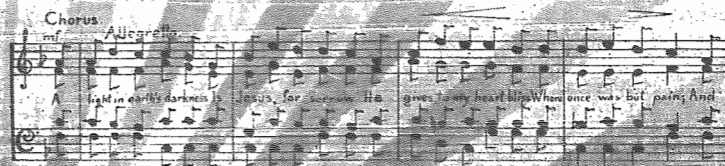
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

Lives again, our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
King of Glory! soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,—
Thine to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

"And the angel answered and said unto the women,
Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus,
which was crucified. He is not here: for He
is risen, as He said."
—Matthew xxviii. 5, 6.

A LIGHT IN EARTH'S DARKNESS IS JESUS



Now the way He went I pursue,
Sharing the toil and pain that He knew,
But a true peace is mine,
And a joy divine,
And the hope of abiding with Him.

All His worth how can I express?
Sweetest, noblest worshipping can tell
From the lips of man
Would be all in vain,
Not can angels express it in song.